BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1903 VOL I NO II

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A NUMBER
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE LIBRARY PUBLISHING COMPANY
1323 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA



CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

President of Harvard University



Editorials Wanted

We want short, pungent, vigorous, signed editorials by men and women who have things to say and who want to say them "hard"—anything which hits the nail on the head; any nail which needs driving home or down. We shall pay cash and good prices.

SEYMOUR EATON

The Men behind the Colleges

The American college president occupies a unique position. "A visitor from Europe," says the keenest among foreign observers of things American, "is struck by the prominence of the president of an American university, and the almost monarchical position he occupies. Far more authority seems to be vested in him, far more to turn upon his individual talents and character, than in the case of the universities of Europe."

Behind the college president there stands, it is true, a board of Overseers, Regents, or Trustees. Nominally he is their creature, and in the last resort they can unmake

him. But as a rule they are content to leave the policy of the college in his hands and to content themselves with the power of the purse. It is to the single man rather than to the board that the public rightly ascribes the success or the failure of a college.

Within the last generation the walls which separated the studious cloister's pale from the world outside have been broken The purpose of the American university is no longer merely to train scholars, but first of all to develop citizens; and it is characteristic of the new era that the college president is playing a larger part than ever before in American public life. "No university dignitaries of Great Britain," says Mr. Bryce, "are so well known to the public, or have their opinions quoted with so much respect, as the heads of the seven or eight leading universities of the United States." College presidents have represented this country at more than one European court; a college president sat as chairman of the Commission to the Philippines; a college president resigned his chair to become mayor of our greatest city. Is it not possible that we may yet live to see a college



WOODROW WILSON

President of Princeton University

president serving the nation in the highest and most laborious of her offices?

The Dean of all our college presidents is indisputably Charles William Eliot of Harvard. He outranks all the others whom space allows us to mention in this article, not only in age, but in length of service. He is a New Englander of the New Englanders, a Bostonian born and bred. Graduating at Harvard in 1853 he served his university as tutor and instructor for five years, and after an interval spent in European study and in teaching at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he became her president in 1869. During his reign of thirty-two years he has been the leader in all educational movements. and to him more than to any other one man is due the impulse which has transformed the old college of our fathers with its rigid discipline and prescribed studies into the university of to-day with its' chartered liberties and ample opportunities. That such a reform should be brought about without opposition was, in the nature of things, impossible. President Eliot may, indeed, be said to have a talent for provoking opposition; but as there is never anything personal in his attacks, so his serenity of mind is unruffled by the anger with which they are returned. is, above all, a seeker after truth, and he seems to believe that truth is most often struck out in the heat of controversy. Alert, vigorous, forceful, and aggressive, he lacks, and it is characteristic of his New England ancestry and education that he should lack, something of the geniality and broad human sympathies of the inhabitant of a kindlier clime.

In this particular, at least, Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, the latest, though not the youngest of our college presidents, stands in strong distinction to President Eliot. Of Scotch descent, a Virginian by birth, a Princetonian by training, he stands for the broader and more tolerant spirit of our great Middle States as opposed to

the somewhat narrow particularism of New England. He represents the new Princeton founded by Dr. McCosh upon the ruins wrought in that institution by the Civil War. But it is not to Princeton alone that he owes his training. He entered a little college in North Carolina before coming to Princeton, and after taking his A. B. in New Jersey, he returned to the South to study law at the University of Virginia, and jurisprudence and politics at Johns Hopkins. He practiced law in Atlanta, and taught at Bryn Mawr and at Weslevan University, before returning to Princeton to become a member of the faculty over which he now presides. President Wilson unites the enthusiasm and eloquence of the Southerner with the practical adaptability of the Northerner and the inherited conservatism of the Scot. He is, perhaps, the most versatile of our college presidents, an orator, a historian, a writer on social and political questions, and a man of letters. A true pupil of Dr. McCosh, he is an idealist in conception; but he is too much a disciple of Burke to lose his head in the clouds of theory. His student days were marked, says a classmate of his, by the choice of the best thing for his own purpose, and though he has yet to show his ability as an organizer and administrator, no true Princetonian is doubtful of his success. Even before his elevation to the presidency he was the most popular of living Princetonians, and he will attack the problems which this most conservative of American universities has yet to confront with a backing and enthusiastic support such as no other man could have received.

President Hadley represents the new Yale, as President Wilson does the new Princeton. Like President Wilson, he is the first lay president of his University; but, in neither case, has the breach with ecclesiastical tradition meant a diminution of the true spirit of religion in the university. Born in 1856, the son of a well-



ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

President of Yale University

known Yale professor, President Hadley graduated at Yale in 1876, and after two years of study abroad returned to New Haven to serve the apprenticeship of twenty years which fitted him in 1899 to assume the helm and guide his university into the broader, but not untroubled, seas which were opening before her.

Though a professed student of statistics and economic conditions, President Hadley's intellectual sympathies are by no means limited to the studies in which he has made his reputation. On the contrary, he is characterized by extraordinary width of He is a student of intellectual range. mathematics, of English poetry, and of military history. One who knows him well declares that his most striking characteristic is his nervous energy, combined with his power of endurance. He is no orator, but none the less a speaker whose pregnant and weighty utterances more than atone for the shortcomings of his delivery. In college policy he stands midway between the radicalism of Harvard and the conservatism of Princeton. His temper is serene and steady, and in the management of men he is marked by that most desirable quality in a college president—the love of fair play.

Nicholas Murray Butler, the new President of Columbia, is as peculiarly the product of his university as Eliot is of Harvard, or Hadley of Yale. Born in 1862, he graduated from Columbia at the early age of twenty, took his master's degree there in 1883, and his doctor's degree in the year following. After a year or more of study abroad he returned to Columbia to become, in rapid succession, assistant, tutor, adjunct professor in philosophy, and dean of the faculty of philosophy in the university. On the resignation of President Low, in the autumn of 1901, Professor Butler was at once recognized as the peculiar exponent of the new spirit of expansion and organization which characterizes the university on Morningside Heights, and thus especially adapted to carry on the half-completed undertakings of his predecessor.

Of all our college presidents Dr. Butler is most peculiarly the professional educator. He is the founder of the Teachers' College of New York, the editor of the Educational Review, of the series of monographs on the great educators of the world, of the Teachers' Professional Library. His interests, if not exclusively, yet are mainly, centered in the theory and practice of education. He is the youngest of our leading presidents and has all the energy and fire of youth. His recent utterances on the necessity of shortening the college course have been bitterly denounced as radical and revolutionary; but the tone of his reply to this chorus of denunciation shows that his radical proposals are dictated by the same spirit of conservatism that leads the surgeon to amputate a shattered limb in order to save the patient's life.

Since the resignation of Dr. Patton of Princeton, last June, President Schurman of Cornell is the only president of a great American university who is not an American by birth. President Schurman was born in 1854 in Prince Edward Island, the descendant of a Dutch Loyalist who emigrated to that province after the American Revolution. Yet, strangely enough, it is this man of alien birth who has been the most conspicuous of our college presidents in public life. And his democratic manliness and broad sympathies, his belief in the beneficent action of free speech, and his mastery of public address, mark him as of the truest American type. It was as such that he was recognized while a student on the Continent by President White, of Cornell, then United States Minister to Germany, and it is to President White that our country owes the introduction to her academic and public life of the vigorous and versatile talent of President Schurman. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the influence for good which President Schurman has exerted upon American education.



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
President of Columbia University

None of our great American universities has been exposed to such peculiar temptation, in the line of lowering the standards and substituting superficial acquisition for thorough education, as Cornell, and it is to President Schurman's special credit that he has always held aloft the standard of the humanities and has diversified and stimulated the scholarship of this country by inviting such representatives of British culture as Professors Seth and Morse Stephens to positions in Cornell. To his labors as a president Dr. Schurman brings the physique of an athlete. He is an easy but indefatigable worker, and possesses that special talent of a great executive, the ability to select efficient deputies for the performance of details, while retaining in his own hands the administration of the whole,

President Harper, of Chicago, is a Baptist clergyman and a professor of Hebrew, neither vocation, one would imagine, fitting him for the task of founding a great university in such a commercial centre as Chicago. But high as are Dr. Harper's talents as a scholar he is, and has always been, first of all, an organizer. He had a wide and varied experience as an educator at Dennison University, at the Baptist Seminary in Chicago, and at Yale, before he was selected to realize a millionaire's dream of a great university in the metropolis of the Central States. And President Harper is the fit head of this newest of our universities, for, above all other college presidents, he is identified with new methods and open doors in education. He is a believer in university extension and under his guidance Chicago has developed this system to an extent unknown before. He possesses something of the restless activity of the city with which he is identified, and alone of American presidents directs an institution which has no vacations. Backed by Mr. Rockefeller's millions he has spared neither time nor pains to bring to Chicago whatever money can buy-books, instruments, and men. It is not too much to say that he has created his university, and in the light of such an achievement much more may be pardoned than the occasional mistakes, hasty utterances, or bits of brusqueness of which his critics complain.

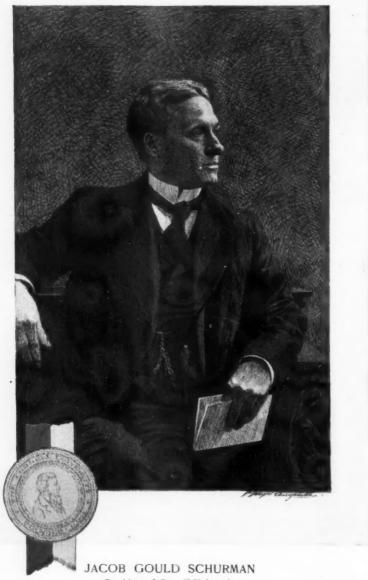
Provost Harrison, of the University of Pennsylvania, stands in a class by himself among American college presidents. He is a successful man of affairs, who after thirty years of business life applied his experience to the administration of a great university. Himself a graduate of the collegiate department of the University of Pennsylvania, Provost Harrison has devoted especial pains to the reorganization and strengthening of that once neglected, but most important, side of university life. Upon this basis he has endeavored, with a large measure of success, to build a strong and liberal school of graduate studies. A Philadelphian by birth and training, Provost Harrison is in touch with the larger social. business, and intellectual life of that city. As a public speaker he is direct and unpretentious but always forceful. Perhaps his most impressive characteristic is his deep and genuine sense of the responsibility of his office.

7. Mulanott)

The Din of Ink Pots

My winter home is in a very small and very quiet Wisconsin village. The inhabitants read nothing but the Chicago papers — David Harum was an innovation. They have never been troubled by the fact that I write books, and out of gratitude to them I have never mentioned my trade. My summers are spent high in the Rocky Mountains—on the trail or in camp with cow-boys or Indians.

From these quiet places, from the society



President of Cornell University

of these blissfully unliterary persons. I descend each year into the book-marts of Chicago and New York, and each year I am more profoundly humbled, not to say terrorized, by the display of new books. Mine ears, accustomed to the song of the Sioux and the yapping of the coyote, are pierced and deafened by the whoops of the advertising agent, while my brain is seared by the gorgeous window display of So-and-So's book-my own publications are not visible—and by choice specimens of Miss E'ank's MS. A plaster statuette of my friend This-and-That's latest hero stands on a pedestal high above a welter of volumes wherein the public are invited to read of him.

I turn away—the sight is too dreadful. I take the car for the North Side and open the evening paper. Instantly a clash of pens fills my ears—made sensitive by the cool green silence of the Colorado firs—I hear the jostle of ink-pots. One appeal is the picture of a bell swinging high over the city's midnight roofs; another is a single word in a black circle; a third presents a half column of notices or, rather, excerpts from notices which cry out: "Great"—"Thrilling"—"Enthralling"—"Scholarly"—"The Best Ever," and the like. It is painful, especially as I look in vain for any word or sign that I exist. I do not.

I give the paper to the conductor and go home to meditate. I say, "What are we coming to?" and I realize that I have uttered the world-wide, time-old complaint of age. I have become an old fogy. I am lost in the shuffle. Therefore I buy another farm and plan to return to a less strenuous career.

As I go among my friends—I mean my literary colleagues—I find them quite as bewildered and benumbed as myself. "Whither are we drifting?" they ask in romantic phrase. "Once, to write a book was a distinction, now, it is a crime." One tired writer has already withdrawn to a farm (purchased by the proceeds of his

latest and, he declares, his last book), two have gone into politics seeking rest and grateful change of clamor, a fourth, in sheer revolt, writes with ever-increasing care and prints privately, presenting his books to some fifty of his intimate friends. As for me, as soon as I secure another farm or two and get my Colorado ranch stocked with cattle, I intend to present all my future books to the world, like Tolstoi, provided my wife does not insist on her legal share of my copyright. No, on the whole, I think I'll join the Chicago Board of Trade. I may there find the relaxation and the rest I need after the strenuous life of an American novelist. From the comparative calm and the gentle, stimulating life of "the pit" I shall be able to look forth philosophically on the "fall out-put of books," on the furious struggles of rival advertisers, and to reach a helping hand to the poor, defeated novelist who falls, breathless and exhausted, across my curb.

Hamlin Garland

A Ten Century Lease A. D. 2902

The Manhattan Railroad Company, which operates an overhead system in the streets of New York, has just arranged a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years with the new underground railway of New York City now in course of construction.

Think of it! A thousand years' profits to the descendants of the stockholders, made out of the streets of the city, that a few shrewd gentlemen, organizing themselves into a company, assume to own for themselves and their heirs until morning dawns on the 1st of January, A. D. 2902. What will have happened by that time? In these days of "booms," so-called prosperity, enormous combinations, deals, col-



WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER President of the University of Chicago

ossal aggregations, and capitalization of trusts, where a mere corporation with a few hundred millions of watered securities is kicked about like a football, it is not surprising that a similar feat should be attempted with time, and that manipulators and money kings should be inclined to be equally prodigal of centuries. But although time is said to be money, it will be found such conditions are not precisely adapted to the same treatment. We can only judge the future by the past, and in considering this ten century lease, its workings will be better understood by going back a thousand years. How completely and utterly the City of New York is bound hand and foot and absolutely in the control of these traction barons is shown by the fact that not a single newspaper has commented on the extraordinary lease. The people have never been consulted on the subject and yet they submit without a murmur.

Let us see what was going on about a thousand years ago. Suppose the traction companies of that period, or what were equivalent to them, wished to obtain the rights to the highways from the ruling monarch or potentate. If they could not get what they wanted in the regular way they would probably have taken it by main force, pretty much as they are constructively doing to-day.

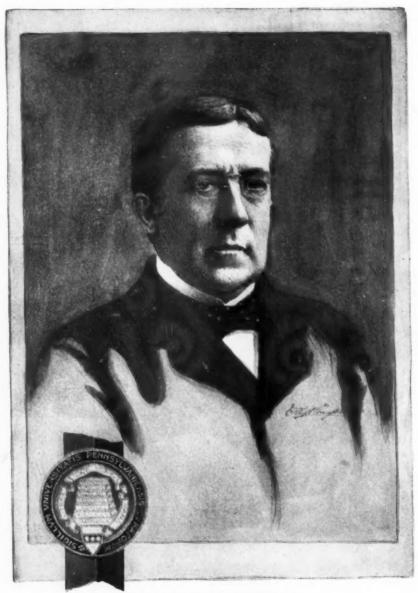
We wonder what Alfred the Great in England would have had to say to such an application. That King was busily engaged in the 890's in punishing the Danes. In the year 901 Edgar the Elder was King of Wessex (England). Possibly he would have given away franchises for the asking. Turn we now to France. Charles the Simple was King of that country in 898. He was deposed and died in prison. Probably he refused to grant the streets to franchise grabbers, who no doubt got what they wanted after all. It was not so very long after this that Alfonso, King of Spain, beat the Moors at the battle of Zamora, and Edward, of England, at Bury, routed Ethelwold and the Danes. Perhaps these, too, were defeats of aspirants for franchises.

Applying these past events to the future, let us indulge in the hope, faint though it be, that long before the thousand-year Manhattan lease expires, the people will sink their cowardice, rise in their might, and take back and assume control of what could never constitutionally have been taken from them except by fraud, force, and chicanery. At least by the year 2902 the citizens of New York will assuredly have acquired more sense than their stupid ancestors of 1902, and will run their public utilities at cost and franchise grabbers will be things of the past. But perhaps the Man on Horseback will appear centuries before that time. Who knows?



King's English, or President's

Perhaps the most striking fact in the history of the 19th Century was the expansion of the English-speaking race. 1801 it inhabited the British Isles and the Atlantic Coast of North America and a few stray spots elsewhere; and in 1900 it possessed almost the whole of North America and of South Africa, besides Australia and the British Isles themselves, while it ruled over India, Egypt, and the Philippines. At the beginning of the century those who spoke English were fewer than those who spoke French; and at the end of the century the former were at least three times as many as the latter. Almost equally significant is the fact that the majority of those speaking English are no longer in the British Isles or even in the British Empire, but here in these United States. The Americans have now to undertake the responsibility of safeguarding the English language and the English law,



CHARLES CUSTIS HARRISON Provost of the University of Pennsylvania

of sustaining the English literature which is ours by inheritance, and of nourishing the civic ideals of the stock that has English for its mother tongue. As the late J. R. Green asserted nearly a quarter of a century ago, the main current of English history now flows, not in the valley of the Thames or the Tweed, but in the valley of the Hudson and the Mississippi.

Leadership in manufactures has already passed across the Atlantic; and leadership in finance seems to be about to venture on the vovage. Sooner or later the leadership in literature must follow. Already are the needs of the American people supplied chiefly by books of American authorship: and this was not the case a score or even a dozen years ago. Already is the invasion of Great Britain by the American author evident to anyone who will consider carefully the lists of important London publishers. It is no vain dream to look forward to a time well within the Twentieth Century when the American author will occupy the commanding position in Great Britain which the British author occupied in the United States when the population here was numerically inferior to that of the British Isles. And yet we may hope that the day will never come when an American critic will have to ask contemptuously, "Who reads a British book?"

Frauder Matthew &

The Soul of the Dog

What of the Dog? What are to be the relations between him and mankind as the added centuries pass? Certain it is that he cannot fare as the other animals. He is not of them. Of him alone can it be said that ,as his body has changed, as a result of his companionship with man, so also has changed his mentality, or soul, or whatever you choose to call it.

Other beasts have remained, even when

domesticated, almost the same in character as when first brought from the forest to the hut. The cat, inmate of the household from a time before the Pharaohs, has neither faithfulness nor conscience, and has developed affection only for a haunt. The elephant has learned nothing more than he learned, soon and finally, when first enslaved, though for long centuries under the tutelage of the subtlest of animal teachers, those who make even the serpents dance. The herds of the field, the domestic fowls and petted birds, are alike ungrateful and non-understanding. Not so the dog. He has joined himself to the commonwealth of humanity. He thinks with us and loves us.

Time was when philosophers defined man as an animal that laughed. That is all changed. The dog not only laughs, but cries. We have all seen the dog laugh—at least those of us who know dogs—have seen his clean, white teeth exposed in joy in a laugh like that of the human being. We have seen him weep, seen the salt tears run down his cheeks, when brutally imprisoned in a pound, or beaten by his master. He has become like us.

It is true that few dogs exhibit fully these emotions, only the more intelligent, the Collie, the Setter, and others who have grown closest to man, but, as there are races of dogs, so there are races of men. Witness the strange animals we call men scrambling amid the branches of Bornean forests.

What if the dog has descended from the wolf, or dingo, or wild dog of the Deccan! Are we not descended from the uncouth Cave Man? What if he be a quadruped! Do we not know that we were quadrupeds once ourselves? We but chanced to be the one mentally developing species among a host. Is not the dog but undergoing the same marvellous transformation now?

What will become of the dog as he learns more and more, with the ages?

Will he some time speak to us in a sign language, as intellect develops under our fostering breeding and our teaching? Would that be at all surprising? This is but a query, but it is along a line strongly apart and one with singular and exceptional facts behind it.

What of the Dog?

Stanley Waterlas

Othello Down to Date

Othello died a long time ago. It is now reported that he died earlier than has been supposed. It is reported that he died before Desdemona. The report comes from Professor Cesare Levi. This gentleman, who is an Italian historian, calls it a discovery. There is no law to prevent him. Disentangled from voluminous digressions the report is as follows:

During the demolition of a palace, documents were found outlining the record of the final years of Venice's dominion over Candia and mentioning Othello as the last governor of the island. these documents Levi learned that after Desdemona's marriage to the Moor, she accompanied him to Candia; that later she returned alone to Venice; that there she met another, a dearer one yet, a third, perhaps a fourth; that ultimately, Candia having been taken by the Turks, Othello supervened; that inconsiderately he beat her and considerately died; that for years thereafter the consolable widow resided in a casa on the Grand Canal and that the details of the lady's inconsequences and her husband's reprisals were gathered by Shakespeare, who did them all over and set them up anew.

There is a perfect specimen of perfect "rot." The original story of Othello and Desdemona appeared, as every one knows and as Professor Levi admits, in a collection of romances entitled the Hecatomithi.

The situations are all there. What they lack is the spirit and splendor which Shakespeare infused. In presenting the same characters he made them flesh and blood. In the story they are dummies; in the drama they are divine.

But to return to Professor Levi. According to this gentleman, when Candia was taken by the Turks, Othello left the island and proceeded to beat his wife. That is delightful, particularly as the Hecatomithi appeared in 1565, Shakespeare's play in 1604, and the capture of Candia occurred in 1669. At that time Othello could not have been less than one hundred and twenty-five years old, and Desdemona must have been at least one hundred and six. At an age so mature we may assume that all her wild oats had been sown. Even otherwise Othello must have been too feeble to beat her and too resigned to care. Apart from these objections Professor Levi's discovery is full But he has mistaken his of charm. vocation; he ought to write novels.

Edgar Saltus

Must Scholarship be Dull?

Traditions die slowly, and in no field more slowly than in that of literary scholar-Professor Lounsbury has found ample material to fill two large volumes in giving an account of the overthrow of the tyranny of the classical tradition as illustrated in the history of the drama, and no battle, it is safe to say, has evoked more bad feeling, misrepresentation, abuse, and lying than this long contention between two different methods of writing plays. Incidentally Professor Lounsbury has illustrated in his own experience the vitality of another tradition: the tradition that learning and dullness are inseparable. prolixity and dreariness of scholars have been borne by students and readers in every age with varying degrees of patience, although there have been hardy spirits in every generation who have frankly declared that a writer who knew how to use language was not necessarily ignorant, and that the scholar who made reading a penance was not necessarily trustworthy.

The German tradition had great weight with the young American students of the decades between 1820 and 1850, and the German tradition confirmed all those who became suspicious of a writer's learning so soon as he became interesting. Now Professor Lounsbury is interesting; he is even gay at times; he has a sportive way of dealing with old superstitions which is not only highly effective but immensely diverting. It is not surprising, therefore, to observe a certain suspicion of Professor Lounsbury's accuracy in some quarters. How can a man be so interesting and at the same time be thoroughly sound?

There is a disposition to look a little askance at a writer who is so much at ease in Zion; who brings humor and freshness and high spirits into a place sacred to dullness, to ignorance of the art of writing and insensibility to the charm of style. If this sort of thing is allowed to go the vulgar throng will be pouring into the places of hallowed dullness, and the owl, the sacred bird of wisdom, will be compelled to seek repose elsewhere. The French, who were bound hand and foot so long by the classical tradition, have never been imposed upon by the tradition that scholarship is accurate in the exact degree in which it is uninteresting in statement, but the French have always been suspected of a tendency toward levity by the German, Dutch, and English scholars.

Several English and American historians have dared to be interesting; but they have been accused of trying to popularize history, of not going to the "original" sources, of diluting the stream of knowledge. The readable histories are accepted with reservation by many authorities in the

field. The vested interests of dullness are so vast that only the audacious will venture to disturb them; and the audacious are rarely persons of judicious temper.

The tradition that accuracy and stupidity go together and may not be put asunder dies slowly; but Professor Lounsbury has dealt it a vigorous blow. There is no doubt about his vivacity; and, strange, to say, there is no doubt about his scholarship. He has wrought a kind of miracle in that he has added to American scholarship and at the same time lightened its load.

Namelin W. Matie

Antiquated Revenue Systems

The American people everywhere, but more particularly in the Western States, are becoming restless under the burdens of unequal taxation. This inequality springs from antiquated revenue systems, devised at a time when the distinction between individual and corporate wealth had not yet been accentuated and the vast and valuable intangible properties in the nature of franchises and credits had not developed to notable proportions.

That the most productive corporate franchises, out of which the biggest fortunes of our multi-millionaires have grown, have, up to the present, almost entirely escaped proportionate taxation can be readily verified. The extent to which the inequality is being intensified by twentieth century industrialism is, however, scarcely yet realized.

By taking the maximum current revenues as the basis of capitalization in the newest merger schemes,—revenues swelled by tax evasion,—the corporate property is being plastered with bonds representing capitalized unpaid taxes on which interest is to be earned in the future as part of the fixed charges. When the demand is later made of the merger railroads, for example,

for these corporations to pay into the public treasury money justly due as taxes, but now diverted to payment of interest or dividends, the retort will come that they are being overburdened with taxes when, in fact, they have, without right or excuse, overburdened themselves with obligations resting on an unjust evasion of public dues.

In this way the concentration of industry through community of interest schemes or outright consolidation is bound to force the question of tax reform conspicuously to the front—not so much the reform of national taxation, but rather the reform of state and local taxation, which, after all, is felt more keenly and comes home more closely to the people. The solution of the problem, which can be reached only gradually, calls for the best thought of our most practical economists and most astute statesmen.

Victor Rosewater

Under which Teacher?

It is the prerogative of man to be in a great degree a creature of his own making; and we may all admit, without argument, that a person who solves a problem by his own thought and reason, learns more than he would do by getting the answer readymade from either book or teacher. But the number able, or willing, to take time for this unaided study is necessarily limited; and if the solution be desirable, it is better to have it at second-hand than not at all.

Teachers of many kinds manipulate and inform our lives, but men and books are the two factors in the educational process of human beings whose influence is the widest and the most evident. Under which of these two teachers then, are we likely to obtain the greatest benefit?

Undoubtedly, words are words, whether they come to us through the eve or the ear; and it is also true, that personal teaching may have the power to reach our hearts as well as our brains; and evoke that subtle sympathy which Goethe called the "dæmonic" man. But the number of such teachers in any generation is exceeding small. Phillips Brooks, Dr. Arnold, Mr. Mill, have been potent agencies in moulding their era, but how few the number that could come in contact with them; and how vast the number that may have been influenced by their books! Besides, even great teachers are often destitute of this personal influence. When Mr. Mill left his seclusion and came into the world, the impression he made was not favorable; his presence was much less authoritative than his books. It seems then that oral teaching is only most powerful under limited and strictly personal advantages. And even this dæmonic influence. which may be incident to personal instruction, is not unalloyed good. There is a tendency in the pupils to exaggerate the importance of their oracle; he fills their whole horizon, and there is a kind of intellectual bondage in such subservience. No one can afford to be influenced by one man alone. Books advocating the same opinions evoke no such personal thraldom; we disagree with them without fear of giving pain or offence, and this freedom of opinion is necessary to advancement.

Another consideration in favor of books as teachers is the fact, that life is shorter than ever in proportion to what has to be crowded into it; and our minds being no larger, we act wisely in selecting sources of information that give us knowledge without preamble, without waste of emotion or waste of time. Moreover, a book does place us in communication with another human being, it does carry a personal influence; there is even a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, and we do not divest them of personality. Nor do we

read them for just what information we can get out of them; to a good reader a good book is, in one sense, as corporal as a teacher; his heart warms to it, and he gives it a certain religiosity. He has held sweet converse with it, listened with his eyes to the absent or the dead who have spoken to him with a low counterpoint of all life's dream and tragedy.

The best human teacher has but a short span of usefulness; a good book possesses a kind of immortality. Personally, it is all to the intellect that the lever is to the arm; and taking it as a world teacher, it may be confidently asserted—that any truth once disseminated by a book has begun an irresistible career. Neither temporal power, nor priestly anathemas, nor social scorn, can stay its progress; from edition to edition it marches on to universal acceptance and world-wide victory.

Amilia . E Barr.

Literature and Politics

Winston Churchill and Booth Tarkington, successful novelists both, having been elected to the Legislature of Vermont and Indiana respectively, attention is called to the slight participation of American literary men in politics as compared with the part played in public affairs by English writers.

Perhaps the discrepancy is more apparent than real. We know, on this side the Atlantic, a good deal about English literary men and not very much about English politics. Accordingly, we are apt to distort the proportion which the literary bears to the political element, not merely in Parliament, but in the individual himself, who appears in both qualities. And in regarding our own public men, their political side being always foremost, it is but natural that we depreciate their quality

as men of letters, if they possess it, or look upon that character merely as one which they will reassume when out of office.

For example, most educated Americans would think of John Morley as first of all a literary man, and of Senator Lodge as primarily a politician, yet Morley is a keen and influential politician; Lodge a graphic and successful biographer.

President Roosevelt, Secretary of State John Hay, and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge are all men of literary accomplishment. So far as either has a vocation aside from politics it is authorship, though it is true that the distractions of great wealth in the case of one, and the preoccupations of public life in the others, have made the pursuit of letters by all rather an avocation. Yet it would be hard to find in any land three men of letters who wield equal power over a nation's destiny.

Both poetry and politics are jealous mis-He who strives to serve both will not often enjoy the supreme favors of either. Particularly is this the case in the United States. We shall see no Victor Hugos here, and the fabric of our government is not likely to be either menaced or buttressed by a book-the case of Coin's Financial School to the contrary notwithstanding. But when great occasions arise the American people manifest the same eagerness to listen to the poets and the prophets which made Englishmen under the Protectorate hearken to John Milton. whose poetry we praise, perchance without much reading, but the fruits of whose political writings we enjoy to the present

So, too, the greatest political work of the nineteenth century was accomplished by those New England poets and essayists who, with the weapons of literature, attacked slavery, which defended itself by the tactics of the politician. History in Teutonic as well as in Gallic nations records that the vested wrong which forces the literary men of a nation to enter the political arena in attack is doomed.

To dabble in politics as a dilettante, to enter it for its meretricious rewards, or merely for the excitement of the game, would be but poor business for the American man of letters. Neither politics nor literature would profit thereby. But let some great occasion arise to bring, as Lowell has it, new duties, let the social problem become—as there are signs it may become-as compelling and engrossing as was the slavery question in 1858, and the same spirit of human sympathy, the same prophetic insight into the needs of the future that ranged Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, and Emerson on the side of human freedom will array the poets and the prophets of the new time on the side of the people in a political struggle for justice.

Willing Debout-

King Edward's Opportunity

For King Edward VII. may be reserved a triumph of sagacious statesmanship in the conciliation of Ireland. The Irish like him. He was, as Prince of Wales, ever amiable to their leaders, even when these were dubbed "Yahoos" by Tories and Liberals alike, and treated as pariahs by the Society which recognized him as its leader by birth and breeding. Kingly Man-of-the-world has lately indicated an intention of visiting the distressful Isle, perhaps to dwell there during part of every year of his reign. He is said to have insisted that his Ministers apply the Coercion Act less harshly than has been their wont. The Irish, whatever their faults, are quickly responsive to manifested good will, and it is quite conceivable the King may bring them to a wondrous change of attitude. Certainly they need the Monarch's influence in their favor.

They have suffered of late from the difficulty of interesting the English-speaking world in Irish grievances. People became weary of hearing about these, even from Mr. Gladstone after he had been calling attention to them for years and years. They seem perennial, and they are therefore apt to be regarded as incurable, especially since English statesmen appear to have tried various remedies in vain.

From this situation of general indifference to Irish complaints the Tory Government of Great Britain derives some advantage in administering the Coercion laws with intent to suppress the great agitation which Irish politicians have been renewing of late. Trusting that the powerful force of American and Colonial opinion will not be roused from that indifference, the English Administration has proceeded with a degree of cynical arbitrariness that may well have provoked the King's intervention.

At present the Protestants of Ulster are scarcely less decided than the Roman Catholics of Ireland in condemnation of the Administration and the land laws. An Irish situation resembling that of the end of the eighteenth century is thus created. It was formidable to English domination then, and is formidable now. Well may the King concern himself directly with the unhappy country which his venerable mother so much ignored.

That was the one blot on her reign, and, probably, one of the deep regrets of her old age, for, toward the end, she distinctly softened to the Irish, after their valor had shone illustrious on South African fields. Then she herself ordained that her Irish soldiers should enjoy thereafter the right to wear their long-forbidden shamrock. That was the spirit by which alone the Irish can be conciliated, and if

her son steadily pursues this method, he will probably be remembered gloriously as the first British Monarch who became a King of Irish hearts.

E. W. Thomson

True Art speaks Plainly

The sum and substance of literary as well as social morality may be expressed in three words—tell the truth. It matters not how the tongues of the critics may wag, or the voices of a partially developed and highly conventionalized society may complain, the business of the author, as well as of other workers upon this earth, is to say what he knows to be true, and, having said as much, to abide the result with patience.

Truth is what is; and the seeing of what is, the realization of truth. To express what we see honestly and without subterfuge: this is morality as well as art.

What the so-called judges of the truth or morality are really inveighing against most of the time is not the discussion of mere sexual lewdness, for no work with that as a basis could possibly succeed, but the disturbing and destroying of their own little theories concerning life, which in some cases may be nothing more than a quiet acceptance of things as they are without any regard to the well-being of the future. Life for them is made up of a variety of interesting but immutable forms and any attempt either to picture any of the wretched results of modern social conditions or to assail the critical defenders of the same is naturally looked upon with contempt or aversion.

It is true that the rallying cry of the critics against so-called immoral literature is that the mental virtue of the reader must be preserved; but this has become a house of refuge to which every form of social injustice hurries for protection. The influence of intellectual ignorance and physical and moral greed upon personal virtue produces the chief tragedies of the age, and yet the objection to the discussion of the sex question is so great as to almost prevent the handling of the theme entirely.

Immoral! Immoral! Under this cloak hide the vices of wealth as well as the vast unspoken blackness of poverty and ignorance; and between them must walk the little novelist, choosing neither truth nor beauty, but some half-conceived phase of life that bears no honest relationship to either the whole of nature or to man.

The impossibility of any such theory of literature having weight with the true artist must be apparent to every clear reasoning mind. Life is not made up of any one phase or condition of being, nor can man's interest possibly be so confined.

The extent of all reality is the realm of the author's pen, and a true picture of life, honestly and reverentially set down, is both moral and artistic whether it offends the conventions or not.

Theodore Frener

(New York.)

A poor Outlook for Tyranny

I came across these words by Carlyle recently, "Obedience is good and indispensable: but if it be obedience to what is wrong and false, good heavens, there is no name for such a depth of human cowardice and calamity, spurned everlastingly by the gods"; and they set me to thinking on the great factor which disobedience has been in the progress of the human race.

There was a time when slaves were obedient to their masters; it was because they ceased to be, that slavery was of necessity abolished.

In the dark ages (no longer ago than in

the days of Salem witches) people were obedient to dark and blasphemous creeds purporting to be the words of a vengeful and cruel God. The disobedient became martyrs, but they opened the way for a broader and sweeter and kinder religion—the religion of humanitarianism and cheerfulness which is fast replacing the gloomy old dogmas.

Women once promised to "obey" their husbands, and were expected to live up to this promise, however brutal, selfish, or vicious those husbands proved to be. It was the disobedience of the misused wife which first led the world to realize that woman had a place of her own in the universe and a right to independently claim that place of usefulness. And it was her disobedience which forced men to a higher realization of their own responsibilities in marriage.

Children were expected to obey their parents and to follow whatever occupation or calling those parents selected for them. It has almost invariably been the disobedience of the God-gifted ones of earth which gave the world its artists.

To-day there exists a powerful army of men in the land—known as the Labor Unions. These men refused to be obedient to monopoly and injustice, and they have done much to advance and better the condition of labor.

But now they stand in imminent danger of defeating their own and humanity's best interests by *obedience to unjust demands* of their leaders.

Let them learn to be disobedient to whatever is unfair, wrong, or false, if they would not prove their own undoing.

The world is slowly but surely growing in universal intelligence and in an understanding of what is right and wrong.

Tyranny of any kind never had so poor an outlook as it has in America to-day.

It is meet for all men to realize this, the laborer as well as the capitalist.

Obey nothing but principle: and prin-

ciple demands absolute justice in all our dealings with one another.

In the long run it is the only thing which prevails. Obey principle then—though you are disobedient to every organization and individual with whom you are associated.

Ella Muer Juleag

College Men and Trade

I have been giving a good deal of attention lately to the subject of Young-College-Bred-Men in politics and in business, and I find, particularly in Chicago and the West, a demand for their services in both fields of activity. Several of the largest retail merchants of Chicago have informed me that they can give employment to an unlimited number of college graduates under twenty-five years of age, and will advance them in salary and responsibility as rapidly as they qualify themselves for usefulness. They argue that young men with a college training can acquire such qualifications more readily than others because of their knowledge, their habits of study, and the activity of their reasoning powers. But the college men reject the opportunity. They prefer to study the professions and follow the precarious fortunes offered by the bar, the pulpit, the medical, and other professions.

Last spring, Mr. Selfridge, manager of the retail department of Marshall Field & Co., perhaps the largest department store in the world, employing nearly eight thousand men and therefore affording eight thousand chances of promotion, wrote to a dozen different educational institutions, East and West, offering positions to any number of their graduates who desired to learn the retail business. He obtained one response, and, after a personal interview with the applicant, concluded to withdraw his offer because of the elevated ideas and

expectations of the young man. Mr. Selfridge has since received a second application from a young man who claims to be a college graduate, but it is evident from his letter that the institution at which he was educated did not include spelling in its curriculum or emphasize the importance of correct composition and grammar.

An extensive announcement of the wishes of other retail merchants in the city of Chicago has met with no further response, and it is plainly demonstrated that College-Bred-Young-Men do not care to engage in retail trade, at least in that section of the universe.

It may be that the unusual prosperity of the country, the unprecedented activity in all lines of industry and business, have absorbed the attention and talent of the graduates of our universities and other educational institutions, but at the same time it is significant that there should not even be an inquiry as to the advantages offered by the most conspicuous and successful retail establishments. Is there any reason why a College-Bred-Young-Man should not engage in the retail trade?

William E. Cura.

(Washington, D. C.)

Mine, Thine, and Ours

The recent strike in the anthracite coal regions forced anew into the forum of the public conscience the ancient issue over the doctrine of "mine and thine." But that issue is a false one. What is really in question is not the moral validity of the doctrine of "mine and thine," but the moral reasonableness of its legal application. Whether "mine" ought to be mine and "thine" thine does not depend upon mere legality. In the forum of morals, rights of property depend

upon the moral character of the asserted ownership.

To artificial objects the doctrine of "mine and thine" does morally apply. If I lay but one brick in the construction of a house, that house in part is morally "mine." If, then, I and all who have cooperated with me in building it, freely sell or give our interests to you, whether for wages paid as the work goes on or for a purchase price after it is done, the whole house is morally "thine."

Not so with natural objects in their natural place and condition. To treat them as private property is an abuse of the moral doctrine of "mine and thine." Just as legislation and social institutions exceeded their legitimate powers when in the last century they made property of black men, so they exceed their legitimate powers now when they make property of such things as natural coal deposits. These are in morals neither "mine" nor "thine." They are "ours."

Between what may be "mine" or "thine," then, and what can only be "ours," there is a distinction which is now legally ignored. But by recognizing artificial objects as "mine" and "thine" in proportion to the work we have respectively done to make them, while regarding natural objects in their natural place and condition as "ours" according to our common needs, this distinction defines a moral law of property which cannot be rationally questioned. To that law human institutions must conform or stand condemned, and by obedience to it civilization must survive if it survive at all. "Mine" and "thine" will be secure only when "ours" is held sacred. The difference between individual rights and common rights is vital.

Louis F. Post

The second article in the series, "Dum-fool Things," b, Paul Piper, is unavoidably held over till the March number.



THE GOLF GIRL
From a drawing by G. G. WIEDERSEIM

· PICTURES · AND · ART · TALK ·

Philippe de Champaigne, whose portrait of Richelieu is presented in this issue of The Booklovers Magazine, was a seventeenth-century artist, the best portrait painter of his day. Although frequently classed with the French school, because of his many years' residence in France, he was born in Brussels in 1602. In the Louvre are many of his sacred and historical pieces; but he is more celebrated for his portraits of the nuns of Port Royal, of the Arnauld family, and especially for his excellent portraits of the great Cardinal.

* * *

Mr. Albert Winslow Barker, several of whose charcoal and cravon drawings are reproduced in this issue, has lived in Philadelphia and vicinity almost exclusively, and is an Instructor at the Philadelphia School of Industrial Art. Barker works in monochrome only, preferring charcoal. "Charcoal," he says, "is the medium which every teacher in the artschools urges upon his pupils, and himself neglects. It is the medium that puts the least mechanical impediment between the conception of the brain and the execution by the hand. It is prompt and sure in its responses, and stands almost alone in that there is no modus operandi to absorb attention; fundamental changes in a drawing may be undertaken at any moment and accomplished or rejected in a few strokes. With it all qualities of tone, form, accent, and gradation can be expressed with force and with an incomparable delicacy.

'In laying stress upon the ease and quickness of expression possible with charcoal I do not mean to praise it because of a mere advantage in the mechanics of our art. But every worker knows how rapidly the force of an impression fades, and every out-of door painter knows how quickly nature changes even the fundamental notes of her scheme of light and color-values. These must be grasped and tuned as accurately upon the paper as a violin virtuoso tunes his strings, and unless this is done within a few minutes the great drama of nature has passed to another act. memory is a treacherous support; the accent of nature is always of surprising force and

appears in unexpected notes which experience cannot foresee nor memory precisely recall.

"Add to this, that a charcoal drawing is as permanent as anything can be that is made of paper, of unchanging carbon and of the preservative gum which at once fixes the charcoal and defends the surface, and it must be realized that here we have a medium of singularly wide range, and one that in its field is flawless."

* * *

Mrs. Louis Goodman, the nonagenarian portrait painter, whose picture by her son, Mr. Walter Goodman, illustrates this paragraph, has probably the longest art record of any painter since Titian plied his brush. As she enters upon her ninety-first year,



she can look back upon seventy years of successful portrait-painting; and the pictures which she is now completing show that hand and mind are still working with unabated energy. Among the thousand and more portraits which she has made in oils and pastels are several of England's most celebrated people,—soldiers, sailors, scientists, and specialists of note. The



A FLOWER OF VENICE From a drawing by G. G. Wiederseim



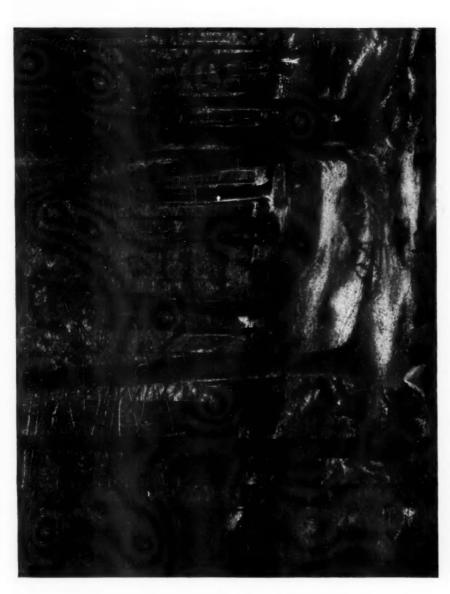
A FIGURE STUDY

After the drawing by Jean L. E. Meissonier

(5)



THE MUSSEL GATHERERS
From the painting by Eugene Feven



THE SUN-FLECKED PATH



THREE STUDIES OF CARDINAL RICHELIEU From the painting by Philippe de Champaigne

personality of this veteran artist is as interesting as her work. Her vigorous mind keeps well in touch with current events: and while she reads with avidity her son's books and editorials (in the Daily Telegraph) upon the crowning of Edward VII., she remembers the time when she saw George IV. upon his Coronation Day. In this connection she distinctly recalls her childish sympathy with the unfortunate Queen Caroline as she saw her driven dejectedly back from Westminster, after having been refused admission to the proceedings. Working daily from eight to eleven, happy with her talented children, honored in her profession, and beloved by many friends, Mrs. Goodman stands on the threshold of her ninety-first year, a striking personality, thoroughly representative of the vigor of the past century.

* * *

Mrs. Wiederseim, of Overbrook, whose latest color work appears in this department, has been brought prominently before the public recently by her clever poster designs. Her success is the more striking because almost entirely self-achieved; her training was confined to short courses at the Philadelphia Academy of Design, under John Sartain, and at the Drexel Institute. The sketch, "A Flower of Venice," on page 134, is one of the first-fruits of a trip to Europe made in the summer of 1902.

One of the chief features of the Durbar of all the Princes of India, held at Delhi, January 1, 1903, to announce the Coronation to the chiefs and people of India, was the exhibition of the highest specimens of This exhibition was held by Indian art. the special desire of the Viceroy, under the directorship of Dr. George Watt, C. I. E., The building in which the jewelry, wood carvings, brocades, carpets of rare pattern, and other beautiful things were housed was an Indo-Saracenic structure of unusual solidity and permanence. The entrance from the enchanting "Arabian Nights" Garden was approached by an imposing flight of steps, somewhat resembling that of the celebrated Agra Taj.

The chief value of the exhibition lay in its promotion of the interests of the beautiful industries indigenous to India, by bringing them to the notice of the many thousands of visitors who attended the

gorgeous ceremonial from all parts of the world.

Probably no art event of late years has aroused such general interest throughout the Continent of Europe as the collection of primitive Flemish paintings and artistic decorative work recently exhibited at Bruges. Realizing that the Flemish schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had never been so completely represented, to Bruges the art-lover has journeyed, as the Mussulman travels to Mecca. Of the 200 paintings collected from all parts of Europe, the majority are excellent pictures, thoroughly representative of the delicate, naïve, and opulent art of the Middle Ages. The religious idea was dominant, naturally, at this mediæval congregation of Dutch and Flemish Gothic painters; but although the repulsive side of martyrdom was frequently much in evidence, the whole effect was soothing and powerful.

* * *

Among the most interesting of the recent acquisitions of the British Museum is a volume containing thirty-nine draw-



ings of portraits by Jonathan Richardson. Probably the most important of these is the head of Alexander Pope, dated January 31, 1733, reproduced above. Under the drawing the artist wrote the following original couplet:

"Your Friend but gives the Bay you had before, Friendship would fain, but Friendship Can no more."



A THROW DOWN

From a drawing by G. G. Wiederseim



GIRL IN STREET COSTUME From a drawing by G. G. Wiederseim



STUDIES OF HEADS
From drawings by G. G. Wiederseim



KAATERSKILL CLOVE, AT SUNSET From the crayon drawing by Albert Winslow Barker



THE DUNDAS ELM
From the crayon drawing by Albert Winslow Barker

A revolution in oil-painting is predicted as the result of an invention of the wellknown French artist, M. Raffaelli, by which the colors are compressed in paint sticks and applied directly to the canvas without the use of palette and brush. By the new method a picture can be painted in a quarter of the time taken by the old system, and with a more precise and complete expression of the painter's fleeting conceptions. Several pictures painted by the new process are now on exhibition in Paris and London and have aroused an absorbing discussion in artistic circles. It is expected that some of the pictures will shortly be sent to this country, so that American artists will be able to judge for themselves of the value of the discovery which has excited the interest of the most conservative art critics in Europe.

* * *

The portrait of William M. Chase, which Mr. John S. Sargent has painted at the desire of Mr. Chase's numerous pupils, is to be purchased by them for presentation to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York City. Appreciating the fact that this portrait is to be a testimonial to Mr. Chase's unflagging interest in American students and American art, Mr. Sargent has entered most heartily into the spirit of the plan and has accorded to the students the benefit of his practical cooperation. This portrait was exhibited in Philadelphia at the annual exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts. The portrait which Mr. Sargent chose to represent him in our autumn exhibition was that of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, an American woman whose beauty and charming personality afforded a most interesting subject for portraiture. While in America, Mr. Sargent expects to paint a portrait of President Roosevelt. Although an American portrait painter, Mr. Sargent is also a Royal Academician, and comes to this country after completing the month's instruction at the Academy which is demanded of all associates of the Royal Academy.

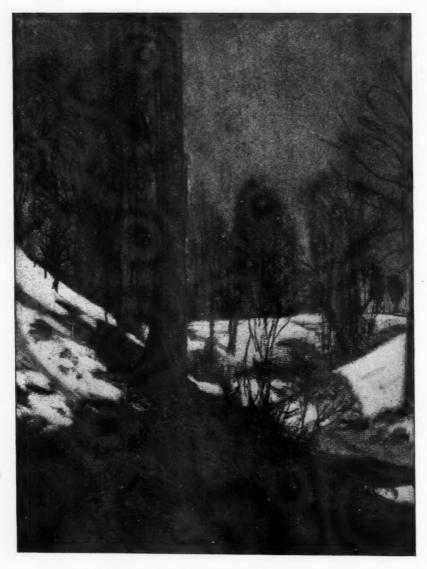
* * *

Mr. V. Floyd Campbell, whose work is a prominent feature of this issue, has had an extensive and practical experience in newspaper and magazine illustrating. Born in Port Austin, Michigan, in 1873, he studied at the Detroit Art Academy and the Detroit Museum of Art under Joseph Gies. After work in Lansing, St. Paul, and Grand Rapids, Mr. Campbell had his real start in newspaper illustrating on the Detroit Free Press, his mentor being Charles B. Lewis ("M. Quad"). In 1897 came the inevitable hegira to New York, where Mr. Campbell worked as a free lance for a time and afterwards on the



V. FLOYD CAMPBELL
A Caricaturist self-caricatured

staffs of the World and the Herald. the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he went to Cuba for the Herald, doing good work, notably at Santiago and San Juan, until stricken down with fever at the opening of the Porto Rico campaign. After his recovery he came to Philadelphia, contributing chiefly to the Press and the Inquirer, and to various New York maga-Mr. Campbell's best work has been done in his action pictures and in portraiture, to which he intends to devote himself exclusively. He does not confine himself to any one medium, but chooses that which promises to yield the best results in each individual case, whether pencil, pen and ink, wash, or pastel.



MELTING SNOW

From the charcoal drawing by Albert Winslow Barker



A VIEW OF THE PORT OF DUNKIRK
From the painting by Charles Lapostolet

(8)



RALPH WALDO EMERSON
From the unfinished crayon sketch by Rowse



DALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Personal Glimpses of Emerson

In the spring of 1853, when I was going on seven years old, my father took me down Concord highway, from the Wayside westward, to a square white house which stood a little drawn back from the road. and veiled somewhat by dark pine trees. On the left, as we faced it, was a fenced area of several acres partly devoted to a vegetable garden, and partly in lawnthough not such a well-kept lawn as one sees in Concord nowadays. Here, too, were other trees, and in the boughs of one of them was a great, rude harp, fashioned of boughs; which, as I afterwards learned, could be played upon by the invisible fingers of storm winds, and would then send forth mighty strains of wild music, to mingle with the shrieks and howls of the blast, as though to symbolize that, in the midst of the outward stress and disorderly wrath of nature, there was an inner harmony and reason. This was the Æolian harp built by Bronson Alcott for his friend Emerson. For many years it held its place and gave its music. There was likewise, in the same neighborhood, a rustic summer-house, constructed by the same architect, and even then falling into decay. The only other thing that attracted my attention in connection with the home of Emerson was the pathway of white limestone flags which led up from the gate to the porch of entrance. It was the only pavement of the kind I had ever seen, and it is to this day, I believe, the only marble-payed path in Concord.

Meanwhile, Mr. Emerson himself had no doubt responded to my father's knock or ring, and they were conversing together: but I have no recollection of him until some little while later, when, the conference over, he accompanied us down to the gate, and out into the road. Here, a minor road branched off at an acute angle from the main highway, down which the British had marched and retreated in 1776: and in the angle formed by the junction there was a thick and dark grove of pines, not fenced off; it was carpeted with a dense stratum of reddish-brown pine needles. On the borders of this grove it was that I first became consciously aware of our famous philosopher and poet. The soft, warm, spring sunshine shone apon him; he wore a black felt hat and a black frock coat, unbuttoned; his face was clipper-built, and the expression extraordinarily bright, keen, and cordial. looked down at me, and smiled, and took my hand in his, which was large, firm, and massive,-the hand of a farmer, though it was not rough or horny. He spoke in a pleasant voice, slowly, and with noticeable intonations; the sentences were brief, but they seemed to be significant. There was a nice-looking boy there, about two years my senior; he had big, blue eyes and a friendly aspect; Emerson made us known to each other, and it was understood that we were to be friends. At this point, the door of memory closes, and Emerson is not again revealed to me until seven years later, after we had been in Europe, and had returned to dwell in Concord.

During the following seven years I saw him constantly, and in many circumstances. Often, on my way to Sanborn's school and back, I would meet him, walking with



EMERSON'S STUDY AT CONCORD

Painted for The Booklovers Magazine by ELIZABETH WENTWORTH ROBERTS

his head bowed forward, but keeping a bright lookout ahead of him (unlike Channing, whose eyes ever sought the ground), and as we drew near, the unique Emersonian smile would glimmer in his face; he would sometimes stop to speak a few words, generally in the form of a question; but as a rule he would simply say "Good-bye," or "Good-night" (as the case might be), and pass on with his long, measured steps. "How do you do?" was a form of greeting that I seldom, if ever, heard from Emerson's lips; it is perhaps a foolish form, and I used to think that Emerson proved the thoroughness of his philosophy by guarding his speech even in a thing so trifling.

At other times I would see him, transiently, in his study, where the walls were all made of books in sober bindings, and there was a table strewn with papers and writings; but here I never lingered long, but went forward through an alcove which led into the parlor and dining room. These study-glimpses of Emerson showed him mild and absorbed, and always, in the midst of his absorption, with a lovely expression of kindly welcome. Once in a while, when, at his son's invitation, I came in to lunch, he would sit at the head of the table, but with

Ment, March 16. Dear motale, I cannot tell you What an unexpected joy you have brought me in this recovery of John Evereti's Oration, tits gift tome. I had long ago grieved its abfolite loss, but never forjotten its impression on me & one of my clap, detson, As wheerd it from our Freshman Seats as I read it now, I delight to fee that it deserved all all our at miration then and recalls the logs to the world of his wonderful pronise. affectionately yours, R.W. Emerfor



A. BRONSON ALCOTT

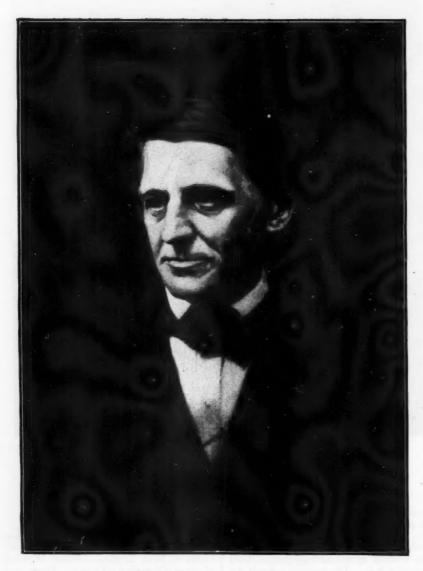


BIOGRAPHY OF EMERSON WHICH APPEARED IN THE BOSTON ADVERTISER IN 1859 (Loaned by Rev. Edward Everett Hale)

a manner as if he were the least considerable person there; and he would address many questions to the visitor, and listen closely to his replies, as if he looked for some wisdom, or at least information, from the unripe boy. His bearing towards his wife and daughters was of the most loving courtesy, and withal of deference, as though he would take his orders from them. Surely there was never greater personal humility than in this man, who was one of the proudest and boldest

avouchers of the inalienable dignity of human nature that ever lived.

Again, I would see him at friends' houses, in conversation with other famous dignitaries of New England—Alcott, Wendell Phillips, Channing, Thoreau, Hoar, and many others. He was inevitably the centre of the group, and when he spoke, all listened, though he never spoke to all, but addressed himself to some single interlocutor, and seemed to wish that words so unimportant as his should not be magni-



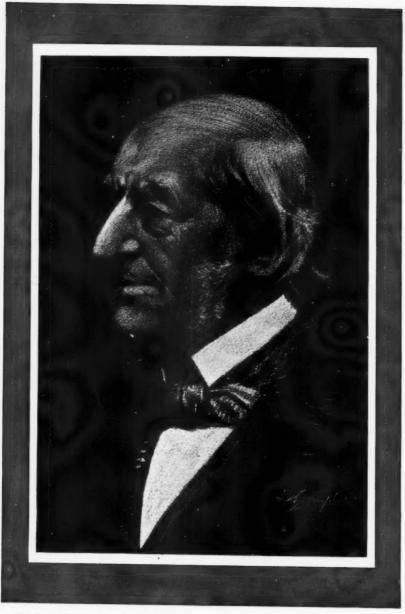
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

From a photograph by Foster Brothers
of a painting by Alfred E. Smith

By permission of Foster Bros

Cincol, See 13 1849 my har his, There been out of town a confle of days, or you thanked have his an earlier answer. It is true, I am a little alarme at your proposition, not knowing What metter I can find in my postfolio that will fit the audience and quito incapable as Lam, at this moment, indeed at all times, of writing to a given apently; - but I cannot find any flaw in the claim, I muft Jay, yes, a little in the dark. I am truly flad you have

(10)



RALPH WALDO EMERSON
From a drawing, artist and date unknown

fied. But his friends were a unit against this modesty; there was freshness, reason, and beauty in all he said. Society, in the high sense, was always created where he was, and took on a dignity and value that

prophesied of a Golden Age.

Finally, I was always on a bench in the Concord Town Hall when Emerson was advertised to speak. In the winter Lyceum course at Concord, all the great orators of the time appeared in their turn; but none of the lectures, with the exception of those of Phillips and of Beecher, were so fully His topics were comattended as his. monly of perennial interest, though they could not be termed popular; they touched the deeps of thought, but they were full of that inimitable Emersonian quality which attracts the man in the street almost as much as the thinker and philosopher. Sentences leaped out, every now and then, which went straight to the heart and sense of the whole audience. Occasionally-for it was war-time-Emerson would speak on some subject germane to the great struggle; and no man was more clearly and rousingly patriotic than he, though always with an absence of noise and violence which balanced the intensity of the vital significance. These addresses might be read as profitably to-day as then; there was in them the reserve and deliberation which are wisdom, along with such fire as appears in the renowned poem at the building of the monument at Concord Bridge, where

"Once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Such a voice as his, in its power to maintain the courage and to reassure the faith of the North, had the power of many regiments on the field of battle.

He was dressed, on these evenings, in black broadcloth; either a very ill-cut dress coat, or a buttoned-up frock coat almost as ill-fitting; with a high, uncomfortable stock and an upright collar. Emerson's figure was naturally awkward; he had narrow and sloping shoulders, large arms and hands and feet, and he had a habit of projecting forward his head, precisely as an eagle on the perch does, and with the same piercing look from the eyes. As he stood before the audience, behind the desk, he let his hands hang folded before him, or used them to turn the leaves of his manuscript; his gestures were very few; the one most often used was a clenching of the

right fist, the fingers upward, and bringing down the forearm with a motion of power till it was at right angles with the upper arm; in its mingling of reserve with force, a very characteristic movement. He could hardly be said to read his manuscript; he probably knew it by heart; he would merely keep in touch with it as he went along. But I have seldom heard him speak with no notes whatever, though I know he was well able to do so when occasion demanded.

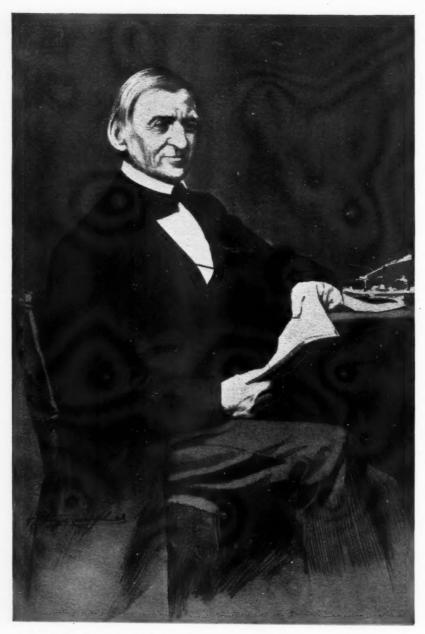


R. W. EMERSON
From a photograph by BLACK, about 1869



RALPH WALDO EMERSON
From a photograph by Allen and Rowell

attempted to aid our haples Countrymen in a way that furts them fowell, & towhich there can be no Objection. Send me word What are the vacant nights in the Compat of will charge mere. John fall pay my Expendes, but no fee. yours ever KW. Emerfer. Concord, 28 December, 1848 My dear hi Lim much grati. fied by your friendly propofition, and am not without hope of holding you to it me of



RALPH WALDO EMERSON
From a photograph

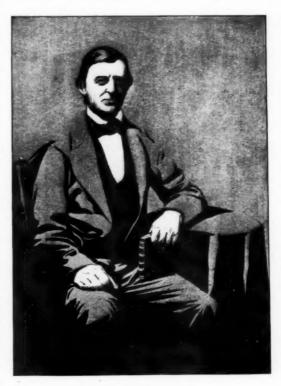
Frequently, after finishing a passage, he would turn over leaf after leaf, sometimes to the number of a dozen or more, and begin again after the leap; making his hearers feel as if they were losing invaluable things. But what he gave was always so satisfying to the mind that it seemed ungenerous to demand more; and Emerson, of course, was only thinking of the time limit which the Lyceum course had fixed.

Like Beecher, he stood square upon both feet; but there was nevertheless a slight shifting movement from one foot to the other, not ordinarily noticeable; though, one evening, Emerson happened to have on a pair of creaking boots, and this creaking permeated the eloquence of the lecture in a manner most discomfortable to the audience, and doubtless to Emerson himself; though he, recognizing that it was incurable in the circumstances, unless he

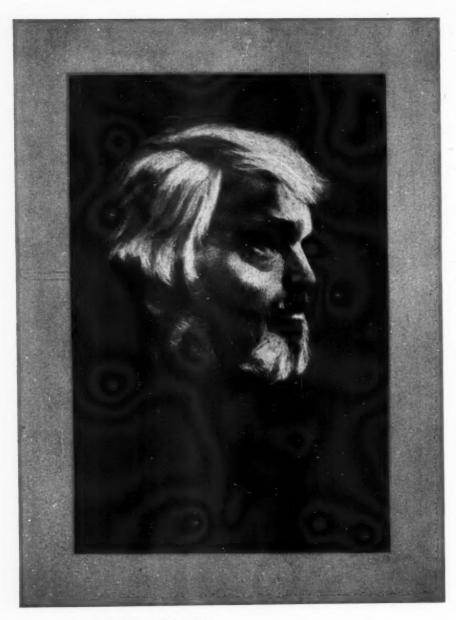
should pull his boots off, heroically disregarded it, and gave his lecture with tranquillity to the end. I do not recall the subject of that lecture, but I can never forget the boots.

After leaving Harvard, I went to Europe, and returned only after an absence of many years, in 1882. During part of this time, Emerson had been gradually lapsing into silence; the quality of his mind seemed not impaired, but certain external faculties had ceased to fulfil their entire functions. In the inner recesses of his consciousness he was aware of these deficiencies, and with an innocent wisdom retired from active productiveness; he dwelt in a semi-spiritual retreat, communing, doubtless, with the Source of intelligence, but estranged from mortal preoccupations. The memory of names and all manner of arbitrary phrases left him, and faces were forgotten; though the essence of things still seemed to be accessible to his apprehension. It would be interesting to make a psychological study of this final phase of the American philosopher. The light of the passing day was as a mirage to him; but the sun

shone clearly upon the regions of the past, and he probably lived in them and felt the ground there solid beneath his feet. His face, in these times, was quiescent, as of one who dreams awake; but ever and anon that keen, investigating look would gleam out from it, as in old days, and he would lift his head as if about to speak in his old way. He resigned himself to the care of his daughter Ellen, and was led about by her, and tended affectionately by her, like an angel half asleep. It was a touching and in no respect a painful spectacle. I visited him once in his study, with the old books still thronging the shelves: and he discoursed to me about Carlyle, as if his visit to him had been of but a few days since; once in a while he would break off to ask his daughter the name of the person to whom he was talking. It was like conversing through a veil, or with a man in another planet, with the communication



RALPH WALDO EMERSON
From a photograph by BLACK



THOMAS CARLYLE

thele weeks. Juff now I am balancing & muft perhaps today decide what has been pregisted from broston, whether toxical there as a private courte the London Lectures you pech of If I thursdoop, I consond and to wouther far five or fix weeks, as theplectures are affindy for me, twill require that I play much at home whilf they are in foot. If I do not go to Beston, I phone like very well to come to worate. stoney, you will warm the days that three of the fix lectures are intended to be the notional Hilling of the Intellect," and do eagerly ask a thoughtful law. The other three, were not Meeting able, that I know in the feare

(11

imperfectly established. But what he said of Carlyle was with all his original force

and pith.

I saw him no more; but on the day of his funeral I walked with the rest of Concord, and with many men of eminence from all parts of the country, to the grave in Sleepy Hollow. It seemed to me that all of the old Concord was left in that grave. The crowd returned to their homes; but these streets and houses were no longer Concord in the deeper sense. The last of the great magicians had departed, and taken with him the spirit that is the life.

Sulian Haw Thorne.

The Tribute of a Son

Of Emerson's youth it may be said that he had little in boyhood, but that it increased with his years. The elders liked him best when a boy, and the young

R. W. EMERSON
From a photograph by BLACK

people in his manhood and age. It is certain that his following among the young, whether in years or in spirit, grew with each year. Yet he wished no disciples, only to teach young people to trust implicitly the word of the Spirit in its special revelation to them when they had learned to rightly listen.

The lessons of poverty, self-denial, self-help, mutual help, carefulness, and hardiness which he and his brothers learned after their father's early death, he counted as invaluable. The brothers helped each other through Harvard, where his education but partly coincided with the narrow curriculum of the day, for, in his own words, he

Slighted Minerva's learned tongue, But leaped with joy when on the wind The shell of Clio rung.

Then followed school teaching and study of divinity, both interrupted by ill health; the beginning and the brave ending by himself of a happy ministry, where he had won love and gratitude, because he could no longer with clear conscience perform certain rites which the custom of his

church had hallowed. His young wife and brilliant brother died in

these years.

Emerson went abroad to recover as he might from these blows, heeding little that he saw except a few men, notably Carlyle, and returned speedily to send forth from

'The close low pine-woods of a

his thoughts on nature and her help for man.

The Lyceum, spreading through the towns and villages, gave him a pulpit everywhere. He found with pleasure that people welcomed on week days the thoughts they shrank from in

Sunday garb.

Lowell called Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa oration in 1837 (The American Scholar) "our intellectual Declaration of Independence," and tells what a remarkable event it was in the annals of the university. But when, the following year, he spoke to the divinity students at Cambridge in a like strain, the heresy seemed so great to the professors and even to



THE GRAVE OF EMERSON AND HIS SON WALDO, "THE HYACINTHE BOY,"
IN SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY, WHERE THOREAU
AND HAWTHORNE ALSO REST



THE HOME OF EMERSON IN CONCORD, A PLAIN, SQUARE, WOODEN HOUSE,
STANDING IN A GROVE OF PINE TREES, HERE EMERSON
LIVED FROM 1835 to 1882

of taxing too much the attention of thediff. Leall the fines, Mintol manners in the XIX Certiny," and would read them at Il mafter. for twenty dollars for each beture. Hwould give me much pleasing on many accounts to go thither, Lif you think it worthwhile frill Endeavour to arrange it yours respectfully, Plu Emerfort Conend, / March of atrickay my dear hi After obtaining after. ances, in my former trips to Wor ceste from the Conductors of both his



THE OLD MANSE, CONCORD, BUILT BY REV. WILLIAM EMERSON IN 1765.
HERE EMERSON WROTE "NATURE," AND HAWTHORNE
"MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE"



"THE WAYSIDE," CONCORD, THE HOME OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
WHERE HE "SAT DOWN BY THE WAYSIDE OF LIFE."
THE CENTRAL TOWER WAS HAWTHORNE'S STUDY



(See page 180)



(8ee page 180)



(See page 180)



(See page 180)



WALDEN POND, CONCORD, THE CAIRN MARKING THE SITE OF THE HUT WHERE HENRY DAVID THOREAU LIVED WHILE . CULTIVATING PHILOSOPHY AND BEANS



A STREET VIEW IN CONCORD

the fitch bu that the f Look that last evening were oblige Exhres 7. not arrive having been landshide Twied the fifteen me 19m. may mortification, When, at last me reached Groton function, to find that the Worden train hat wanted long, I mly gone ter minites before us. _ I that not again trust our titchburg Road, when



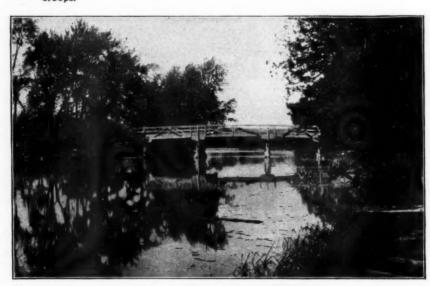
THE BATTLE MONUMENT, CONCORD, ON THE COMPLETION OF WHICH, IN 1836, EMERSON WROTE THE FOLLOWING "CONCORD HYMN"

By the rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag in April's breeze unfurled, Here once the embattled farmers stood, And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror also sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward
creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream, We set to-day a volive stone; That memory may their deed redeem, When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare To die, and leave their children free, Bid Time and Nature gently spare The shaft we raise to them and thee.



VIEW OF CONCORD RIVER AND BRIDGE



R. W. EMERSON
From a miniature painted in 1845

the Unitarian clergy that his name became anathema there, and thirty years passed before Harvard again recognized him and invited him to begin lectures on philosophy.

Of these many misfortunes, as they appeared to most eyes, Mr. Emerson said that every one had been a help to him, quoting Mrs. Barbauld's poem *The Brook*,

"And, the more falls I get, move faster on."

The essays were all delivered first as lectures all over the country and were later severely pruned and refined. He lived in Concord, going almost daily to Walden woods to receive the thoughts which he found came to the mind attuned by nature and by solitude. He taught self-reliance, but on the purified self, and stood for the Individual in a generation in which the claims of organization were increasingly pressed.

Reformers of all sorts came to Concord, attracted by his hospitality to thought. He fed and protected and heard them, but reso-

lutely held to his belief in his special work and that one must not mistake others' chivalries for one's own. But the chivalry of freedom was universal and commanding, and in the long struggle against slavery Emerson early showed his colors and came, as a free lance, to fight beside Garrison and Phillips when it was dangerous to do so.

Emerson read widely, was less of a student than many believed, but had a sure instinct for what was for him in a book—the rest he let go. But he studied men with delight, the "men who can do things" in fields where the scholar is often helpless. Especially he honored the farmer:

"And I, who cower mean and small In the frequent interval When wisdom not with me resides, Worship Toil's wisdom that abides."

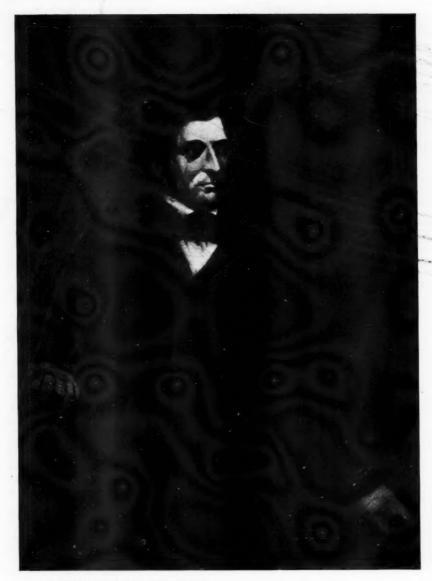
But he was not false to his class. He said that "the scholar has drawn the white lot in life." But everywhere he taught that the scholar must be ready to stand for the truth which he on his lonely watch tower has seen, against the mob, well dressed or in rags; also, that the scholar

must toil unweariedly in his own fields of thought. "To live without duties is obscene." He eagerly listened to the talk of the tavern, the bank, the club, the laboratory. "These men don't know what to do with their facts," he said, "but I know," recognizing that truth is one, and natural facts but the embodiment of spiritual laws. Hence he was increasingly attracted to verse as the proper vehicle for his delighted perceptions of beauty, of harmony, of unity:

"And through man and woman and sea and star Saw the dance of Nature forward and far; Through worlds and races and terms and times Saw musical order and pairing rhymes."

He early celebrated the beautiful laws of Compensation, and welcomed the doctrine of Evolution in which he saw, not blind destiny, but the triumph of effort and hope, a confirmation of "good out of evil," his sure belief.

Emerson's prose and poetry annotate



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

From the painting by David Scott, 1848,
now in the Concord Library

I wish be for to Wordster, until a double track is complete tothe Groton Junetim. Meantine, if My friends at Wrugter are quite disherty by these two failures withings That a time, I must throw up the Courte, I you must return to all title tho lain the price of their titlet At prefent it is my enterin to bring my own apology the more next Friday evening Yours, Though heartily veril K.W. Emerson

and explain each other and should be read together. It was as a poet that he would have wished to be remembered.

> "The sun set, but set not his hope. Stars rose; his faith was earlier up."

Edward W. Emejan

An Estimate of Emerson

There are, as Arnold has pointed out, three estimates of the worth of any poet: the personal, which is determined by the impression which he produces upon his critic; the historical, which is determined by the effect which he produced upon the literature and the thought of his age; and the real, which depends upon a sense in the critic's mind of the truly excellent, and which seeks to determine the positive worth of a poet's work or personality by comparing it with this standard. By which of these estimates shall we try Emerson?

Certainly not by the personal. Always likely to be a fallacious test, it is peculiarly so in the case of a seer and a teacher. Nor can we properly apply the historical estimate, for Emerson's influence upon his contemporaries was out of all proportion to the actual value of his work. He was the first original American poet, the first vital force in American literature, the first American thinker to make his voice heard beyond the seas. Arnold has borne eloquent tribute to the emotion roused by that clear pure voice at Oxford; Turgenev names Emerson as one of the apostles of the new spirit in Russia; of contemporary and later American poets, Poe alone is not in one way or another his disciple.

To obtain the real estimate of Emerson we must begin by denying much that his worshippers claim for him. In the first place, he is not a great poet. He utterly lacks the constructive faculty; hardly a poem of his in which some part is not greater than the whole. These parts, oracular, epigrammatic, often beautiful utterances, have passed so largely into the current coin of our literature that they are constantly received at more than their true poetic value. Tested by Milton's well-known rule they appear to lack two of the three necessary elements of poetry. They

are simple, but neither sensuous, nor passionate. Set Emerson's loftiest phrases beside a line of Shakespeare or of Keats and the difference between the true poet and the thinker in verse form will be instantly apparent.

Emerson is not, in the second place, a great original thinker. He was not, indeed, the disciple of any master. But he was endowed with a spiritual curiosity which led him far afield in the search for truth and with a true American instinct for seizing upon the good wherever he found it. His philosophy is not original, but eclectic.

What, then, remains to us of Emerson? Something better, perhaps, than either a poet or a philosopher-a man. His was a personality so pure, so lofty, and so brave that we may unhesitatingly pronounce it great. It was by his personality even more than by his achievement that Emerson impressed his contemporaries. to-day we would realize Emerson's worth, we must re-create his personality. Fortunately for us, this is an easy task. We can with slight effort call up that "calm, serene, and beautiful" figure and bid him be to us what he was to the men of his day, "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." And never was such a friend and aider more needed than here and now in Emerson's own "great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America." His insistence upon the primary importance of individual character, his fearlessness in exposing the hollowness of popular conventions, are as salutary to the average American who joins the crowd in the blind race after material success as his unquenchable optimism and sweet serenity are to the few who stand aside to criticise, to reprove, and to lament.

Biographical Note on Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston a hundred years ago, on May 25, 1803. In his own phrase, "Man is a bundle of his ancestors," and no man was more so than Emerson. Eight generations of New England minister forefathers had gone to his making and prepared for him the heritage of a keen, robust intellect and deep spiritual insight. Much wordly gear they did not bequeath, and in his early years Emerson was subject to the wholesome discipline of narrow means. Plain living compelled



From the crayon by ROWSE

high thinking. His formal education was obtained in the Boston Latin School and in Harvard College, where he graduated in 1821. Emerson's college course was not marked by many of the usual academic distinctions; his individual bent led him to seek light and leading in Shakespeare and Montaigne rather than in the prescribed text-books. After teaching a year in his brother's school for young ladies in Boston, he studied divinity at Cambridge, and was approbated to preach" in 1826. induction in Hanover Street Unitarian Church and his marriage to Miss Ellen Tucker followed in 1829. Two years later his wife died, and in 1832 conscientious scruples about administering the communion led him to give up his charge. A trip to Europe in the following year restored his health, strengthened his convictions, and led to his fruitful and life-long friendship with Carlyle. On his return he found in the newly established Lyceum lecture system a means of preaching his new

gospel, in which the importance of the individual and the immanence of the divine were the chief tenets. Emerson's personal magnetism, the freshness and depth of his thought, the oracular, gnomic terseness of his speech, his sincerity and winning humanness, won him wide success, clouded at first by criticism of what was termed "his heresies and his charlatan-like obscurity."

Reform was in the air; countless schemes were advocated for regenerating the world over night. Nearly all of Emerson's intimate friends-the Channings, Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, Bronson Alcott, Convers Francis, F. H. Hedge, Margaret Fuller-were identified with one or more of the radical movements for social or religious reform. In the midst of this ferment Emerson kept his head. It was not without cause that he was dubbed the "Yankee Plato." He united the two seemingly contradictory strains of hardheaded practicalness and high idealism equally characteristic of the American people. While uncompromising in his adherence to truth, he saw life too steadily and too whole ever to hitch his wagon to any formula or be betrayed into the excesses of one-idea-ed partisanship.

In 1836 his first book, Nature, appeared, and in the same year he stood godfather in America to Carlyle's Sartor Resartus. The famous Divinity school address at Cambridge in 1838 stirred up a heated controversy. In 1840 Emerson and his friends, vaguely grouped as "Transcendentalists," founded the short-lived Dial to give expression to their views. Two volumes of Essays and one of Poems, and lectures on The Times and on Representative Men were the chief fruits of the forties. A lecturing tour in England in 1848 led to the writing of English Traits five years afterwards. antislavery agitation now absorbed much of Emerson's energies. Though he shrank at first from being identified with the extreme Abolitionists, he was steadfast in his denunciation of slavery and an active upholder of the Union cause during the war.

From 1860 his position as America's greatest thinker was assured. The prophet had honor in his own country - the country for which he had made "an intellectual Declaration of Independence." From 1870, when Society and Solitude was published, till his death on April 27, 1882. he wrote but little, but his teachings were



WILLIAM H. FURNESS From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia, in 1875 SAMUEL BRADFORD R. W. EMERSON



R. W. EMERSON
From a photograph by MARSHALL

sinking ever more deeply into the mind and heart of his age. When Dean Stanley visited America, in 1878, he found that in every church, "it mattered not what was the name of the communion, the preacher was always Waldo Emerson." If his influence is less obtrusive to-day, it is only because it has been assimilated and become an integral part of the spiritual fibre and intellectual heritage of the nation.

A Study of Emerson

A recent tribute to Emerson of quite unusual character and value and an interesting study of his works are to be found in Dr. John Beattie Crozier's autobiography, My Inner Life, in which the writer traces the influence on his mind of the philosophy of the great New Englander. "I was led," he says, "from the study of Carlyle to the study of Emerson, who has always been so intimately associated with

him in the public mind; and I still retain a vivid recollection of the despair into which I fell when I attempted to read him the second time, having put him aside as I had Carlyle some years before, owing to the difficulty I had in understanding his little book on Representative Men. I began this time, I remember, with his essays, starting with the first of the series-that on History. I read the first sentence; it was an enigma; I passed on to the second; it was still more so; then to the third and fourth with increasing bewilderment and mystification, until when I reached the end of the first paragraph I was fain to confess, as he himself says of Life in general, 'All is riddle, and the key to one riddle is another.' I started a second time, bending all my powers of speculation with redoubled concentration and attention on these mystic utterances, but again could make nothing of them. It then occurred to me that the concrete illustrations might help me, and I dipped in here and there among them, picking them out one by one; but they turned out to be almost as mysterious as the run of abstractions at the beginning, and it was not until after some time and trouble that I began to get an inkling of what it was all about. At last by shuttling backwards and forwards and trying each of the illustrations in turn to see if it would fit one or other of the abstractions as its key, I succeeded in getting a pretty fair idea of the drift of the essay as a whole. But at what a cost! And the worst of it was that the same difficulty had to be encountered with each of the essays in turn; the reason being that Emerson had everywhere withheld the principle that was the key to that particular essay, or had wrapped it in such a mystic form of words that it passed the ordinary comprehension to understand it. It was a mistake, as I now think, and must have cost him thousands of the best readers; and yet do what he would, the essays could never have been made altogether easy reading. For the separate sentences, being the result of separate acts of insight or observation, are not to be apprehended like a train of physical or mathematical reasoning where each proposition hangs on to the skirts of the one before it and so can be followed by the ordinary intelligent schoolboy; they are rather separate aspects or sides, as it were, of some common spiritual principle which they illustrate and around which as their common centre, like signs of the zodiac, they lie without connection among themselves, and so can be gotten only by those who have had a wide experience of life and are possessed of natural gifts of insight and divination. And hence I have always regarded the essays of Emerson as a kind of touchstone of intellectual power and penetration. But of them all the one that gave me most trouble and was most difficult to follow was the essay on Experience. In it the leading ideas of most of the other essays exist in combination, and I must have spent more time in trying to unravel it than on any other piece of writing of equal length whatever, with the exception possibly of some parts of Hegel. And as in my judgment it is perhaps the greatest essay on human life that has ever been digested within the compass of so few pages, it may not be out of place if I venture to offer some suggestions that may help the reader to an understanding of the ground plan of an essay which Emerson has inlaid with such precious mosaics of thought. . . . Let the reader who has been balked by the difficulty of the essay on Experience try it again with the simple key I have given him, and say whether this is not so. What a fine piece of insight, for example, is the following: 'A man is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand until you come to a particular angle, and then it shows deep and beautiful colors. is no universal adaptation or applicability in men, but each has his special talent, and the mastery of successful men consists in adroitly keeping themselves where that turn shall oftenest have to be practised.' But every essay is full of such gems. Take, for instance, the following, in reference to the illusion by which men have a tendency to attribute to men whom they admire for particular traits an all-round completeness and excellence: 'On seeing the smallest arc we complete the circle'; or this as a definition of character, 'Character is moral order as seen through the medium of an individual nature'; or again in reference to the way in which we are dominated by general ideas or abstractions, by phrases or names, such as king, nobleman, clergyman, policeman, in the teeth of adverse facts, 'General ideas are essences; they are our gods.' Or, lastly, this on selfreliance, which was a great stimulus to me personally, 'Weak young men grow up in

libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these Nowhere, indeed, will you find greater penetration and profundity, greater refinement and delicacy than in these essays; so much so that whenever I come across a thought of more than usual penetration or distinction among recent writers, as in Stevenson, or Ibsen, or Meredith, or in some of the works of Olive Schreiner, I am at once reminded of Emerson; and rarely do you come on a remark of universal application anywhere but what it can be paralleled and matched by one of similar import in his works. I have only just read again for the purpose of this chapter, after a lapse of ten or fifteen years, the essay on Experience, of which I have just spoken, and I am bound to confess that my opinion of its merits remains the same as before. No increase of experience or reflection during the intervening years has enabled me to add or suggest aught by way of commentary on these great and penetrating observations on human life that is not either more superficial or less true. 'It is not that I do not differ profoundly from him as to the truth of the general framework which I have already described, and





W. E. CHANNING

which he has inlaid with such precious gems of thought; I refer, rather, to his isolated observations and reflections on all that concerns human life and the laws and operations of the human mind and heart. Until Emerson is understood, no observer of human life making any pretensions to originality can, in my judgment, consider his reputation safe or his work free from the danger of being undermined by this great master of human thought."

The Blessings of Misfortune

An interesting incident in which Emerson figures is recorded in Dr. Edward Everett Hale's newly published Memories of a Hundred Years. Emerson's cousin George had read some of his college preparatory Greek with Mr. Hale and had gratified his tutor by attaining high rank in his class at Harvard. Speaking of the Junior Exhibition, in which George had the first part, Dr. Hale says:—

"After the whole was over, and as the assembly broke up, I crossed the chapel that I might speak

to Ralph Waldo Emerson, who stood alone, as it happened, under the gallery. I introduced myself to him, and I said I wanted to congratulate him on the success of his cousin. He said: 'Yes, I did not know I had so fine a young cousin. And now, if something will fall out amiss,—if he should be unpopular with his class, or if his father should fail, or if some other misfortune can befall him,—all will be well.' I was indignant with what I called the cynicism of his speech. I thought it the affectation of the new philosopher who felt that he must say something out of the way of common congratulation. But I learned afterwards, what he had learned then, that 'good is a good master, but bad is a better.' And I do not doubt now that the remark, which seemed cynical, was most affectionate.''

The Portraits of Emerson

Among the best of the portraits of Emerson, no one of which did him complete justice, are the painting by Alfred E. Smith, reproduced on page 154, and the three duographs which follow. The Scott portrait on page 173, painted in Edinburgh in 1848, is usually considered the best likeness of Emerson, the reformer. In 1858, when G. W. Rowse was working on the crayon portrait which is reproduced on page 176, he made a sketch of which Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, had three photographs made. One of these, lent the BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE by Mr. Sanborn, is reproduced on page 148. Photographs by Black, taken chiefly in the sixties, appear on pages 157-a characteristic pre-lecture pose-161, 164, 170, and 168, in the lower left-hand corner, several of them giving Emerson a hard, sanctimonious aspect foreign to his nature. The genial side of Emerson is better preserved in the portraits on pages 172 and 178. The other three pictures on page 168 include a curious early portrait, a photograph which appeared in Grozelier's Heralds of Freedom in 1855, and the bust of Emerson by David French. In the group on page 177 Emerson is shown with two schoolmates, life-long friends, Dr. Furness and Samuel Bradford.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Edward Everett Hale for the use of the correspondence of Emerson, addressed to him, and the extract from the Boston Advertiser which appear in this section.

- · SOUND · EDUCATION · IS · RELIGION ·
- · AND · TRUE · RELIGION · IS·
- · ALWAYS · SOUND · EDUCATION ·

Editorial Note

The statement appearing above is the subheading of the title page of the department of "Education and Religion" in our January number. This sub-title brought us a storm of criticism. To meet this criticism, a number of distinguished clergymen and laymen were asked for a frank statement of opinion. Their replies are published below.

The above title, upon which you wish my opinion, is an interesting one. My criticism upon it is that it is not explicit. I can at once subscribe to it, but in so doing should claim the liberty of putting my own interpretation upon it.

"Sound education is religion," in the sense that it is the outcome of religion, the human side of the eternal realities of religion, the expression in consciousness of the things of the Infinite.

"True religion is always sound education"—to this I also agree in the sense that religion is not merely an affair of

feeling or of character, but that it carries one beyond itself to the source of all true feeling and all high character.

With this interpretation I think the epigram is strikingly true.

Ses A Gordon

(Old South Church, Boston)

I scarcely know what judgment to pass upon your title page. The words, in my opinion, may be construed either in a sense which I would approve, or in one which I would not approve. The trouble is, conciseness leads to obscurity; and the title page must have, if anything, conciseness. "Sound education" opens the way to

"religion," but taken strictly as an art, which it primarily is, it does not embrace religion, which is something objective and an end to be attained, rather than the means to attain it. "True religion" certainly suggests and commands "sound education," but whether all that religion means can be said to be predicated of it by "sound education," is a question not so easily answered. For myself, I would amplify somewhat your title page.

John Feland

(Archbishop of St. Paul)

This statement is too vague, too sweeping, and therefore open to misinterpretation. I would rather say: Education is not sound without religion; and true religion is an inspiration and safeguard to education.

Henry mulyke

(Princeton University)

Yes: but education in what? This is one of those large, and rather loose, statements which need definition of their terms.

I Cotter

(Bishop of New York)

Of all sound education religion must be the central element; for only that is sound education which develops the entire man, and the religious element in man, which includes his ideals and his highest loyalties, is the royal part of him.

That true religion implies sound educa-

tion is also obvious. Religion unites inspiration and education, open vision and trained faculty. Their action is reciprocal; each is conditional for the other.

Washington Gladden

(First Congregational Church, Columbus, O.)

The statement you sent me is a confusion of things different, though closely related. Damon and Pythias are inseparable friends; but to say that Damon is Pythias helps nobody. Education is a process; religion is a possession. Education of the whole man will always make one religious. True religion leads one to seek education, but Voltaire did not possess religion, and Jerry Macauley did not have an education.

W. H. P. Faunce.

(President of Brown University)

With the second proposition, that "true religion is always sound education," I entirely agree, but with the first I would be inclined to disagree, for I imagine there is much sound education which cannot in any real sense be called religion. It is difficult to see, for instance, how a competent knowledge of conic sections can, without a straining of terms, be called religion. That both conic sections and religion improve a man is true, but they are not, for this cause, necessarily the same. I have no doubt that the devil is thoroughly educated in certain departments, but I should hesitate to pronounce him religious.



("Ralph Connor," Winnipeg)

Whatever else religion is, it is something affecting the whole nature: God will not accept a divided allegiance. Whatever else education is, it is something that harmoniously develops our powers to a balance. Accordingly, an education that has not touched the religious sense is lop-sided. And uneducated religion is dangerous: it

may be a spiritual intoxication, force without direction, liable to do blind mischief. From the dawn of the Reformation Erasmus laid down the principle that learning must be the barrier for religion against fanaticism.

Rg. moulion

(University of Chicago)

If your definition of sound education be: a knowledge of right thinking, right doing, and right living, then you have given at the same time one of the best definitions of true religion.

Mankapp

(Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia)

No religion is worth the name that does not lead the whole man up and on. No education is real education unless it leads out the real man—the higher man. The all-round educated man must, in the last resort, be profoundly religious. The man lacking religious instinct is like the man who lacks color sense or whose ear fails to interpret to him music—he is not the normal man, though he may be a good sort of fellow.

W.J. Rawyork

(St. George's Church, New York)

I see nothing in your statement to criticise, provided it be justly interpreted. A sound education includes the development, discipline, and instruction of the moral and religious nature. No man is fully educated who is ignorant of religion, for in that case the highest faculties are left untrained. On the other hand, true religion is, in so far, a sound education. Of course, it is not all of education. Other things may come in; but in the widest sense of the word "religion," your sentence may be permitted

to stand. It may, however, be rightly challenged as lacking in definiteness, and as such it is liable to misconstruction. The saving word in your statement is "sound."

Alunchelon

(Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.)

This aphorism is as true as any—none of them being able to stand a microscopical test. Everything depends on the adjective. If "sound" means "all-round" (the education of head and hand and heart and conscience) I for one would "O. K." it. But if "sound" means the "clang of brass and the tinkling of cymbal," as it too often does, nothing could be more false. For unsound education is not only irreligion but atheism.

Charles Fromic Con

(Avondale Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, O.)

Honestly, if we are to have words at all, we must permit them to retain a little individuality. Sound education is religious, and true religion is always soundly educational, but religion is more than education, just as education is more than religion.

Amos R. Wells

(Managing editor Christian Endeavor World)

Whether the terms are entirely interchangeable is open to question. However, by a legitimate expansion of the terms "Education" and "Religion," the sentiment expressed is not only substantially true but also eminently timely.

- Sty boccin ellinton

(San Francisco Theological Seminary)

I should have no quarrel with the sentiment expressed in the sub-heading of your magazine if you allow me to put my own interpretation upon the first word "sound." An education that tells of God and leads to God, and that teaches man's highest duty to his fellow-men, is certainly an essential part of religion, though I would not be understood as saying that there is no supernatural factor in the religion of Christianity, for I believe that there is, and a factor which cannot be gained from books or human teachers.

The second clause of the sentence I could heartily endorse. "True religion" may not be an all-round education, but it certainly is a sound education.

Francis E. Clark

(President United Society of Christian Endeavor.)

One ought not to find fault with an aphorism or a proverb as if it were a proposition in geometry or a theological dogma. This of yours fits some wholesome meanings.

E. H. Johnson

(Croxer Theological Seminary)

It is true that "Sound education is religion and all religion is sound education," but it is true just as all such aphorisms are true, that is, after its sense has been unfolded and its terms agreed upon. It is unfortunately the case that very much that goes by the name of education, and much of what is called religion, is neither the one nor the other. Reading books does not make an educated man any more than acquaintance with creeds makes a religious one. If they did, God wot, we would be so near the millennium that we might all set about to get our robes ready. For the superfluity of creeds which held the ground a few centuries ago has been far more than matched by the superfluity of books with which we are deluged to-day. But we had better be honest with ourselves and with the public in our talk about books and religion. It is not necessary to offer a ticket of admission to the New Jerusalem as a bonus to induce any one to accept and pay for a library card. The great mass of people who read books do so simply for enjoyment, and without any ulterior thought of the effect upon either their minds or their souls. The plain fact is, that multitudes of people are under the obsession of the "reading habit," just as a few others have become victims of the drink or the cocaine habit. Its victims are not usually pitied, in fact they are so usually commended that they have a very complacent opinion of the habit and of themselves. I speak with feeling, for I am myself a victim. I long since became a confirmed reader. The sight of a printed page has much the same effect upon me that the scent of brandy has upon an inebriate. I am restless until I have swallowed it. I read books if they are handy, if not, I read a magazine, in default of that a newspaper, and failing even that I read the Ivory Soap and Goose Oil doggerel in the street cars. And I notice that the people sitting by my side do the same thing. I have tried to break myself of the habit, but in vain. When one has fallen into the habit of using anodynes the will becomes enfeebled and the victim only dreams of freedom. I no longer even dream of it. But I do still retain enough integrity to try to call things by their right names.

And now to come back to our question about words. Education is really the expansion of the powers of the psychical side of one's nature, and that is what religion is. The educated man is the one 'who looks before and after," whose life horizon is wide, so wide that he can estimate the relative sizes and values of the things which he touches. The religious man is he whose horizon is still wider, bounded by infinity on either side. A completely educated man would be one who knew exhaustively the universe in which he lives, and having come so far he would find that he had long ago unconsciously crossed the frontier where the sacred and the secular march.

J. B. M' Comme

(Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn)

The very title of this department of your magazine, "Education and Religion," implies that the two are not identical. I am not saying that you cannot engraft upon the two terms such a sense as to

make them synonymous, but it would be a sense different from that which they are understood by educated and by religious people generally to carry, and thus their use as synonyms would be misleading, and therefore unsound.

C. N. Oakhunt.

(Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York)

The question of the accuracy of the subtitle of this department of your magazine, to my mind, is one of definition. As popularly understood, I do not think it a correct statement, but it is susceptible of a larger and more satisfying interpretation, which I presume is the one in your mind. The subject is too large for treatment in a single paragraph.

Awany H. Bragad

(First Congregational Church, Montclair, New Jersey)

I see nothing objectionable. Sound education includes religion.

Win M. Lawrance_

In the ordinary and commonly understood sense of "education" and "religion" these words are not synonymous and the above sentence is misleading. It may be possible to put sufficient content into the word "sound" to make the phrase intelligible.

Sunis S. Hamlin

(President Open Air Workers' Association, Washington)

Everything, of course, depends upon definition. Socrates was undoubtedly right in insisting upon the strict definition of terms as a prerequisite to progress in knowledge. The Bible supplies two definitions of religion. One is furnished by the Hebrew prophet Micah: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6:8). Apostle James gives the other:

"True religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the father-less and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." (James 1:27). Now, if "sound education" can be so defined as to cover these statements satisfactorily and adequately, I think your proposition would stand: but this would be necessary. I am not sure that the two coincide throughout their whole extent, and "form one and the same straight line," as Euclid would say. But it may be so, if what is intended by the expression is not simply the education of the intellectual powers, but the training of the will and of the affections as well.

I Sparhaule Jones

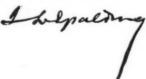
(Calvary Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia)

In a large sense your statement is correct. When we send a boy to school, we send the whole boy, body, soul, and spirit, and religion is for the whole man, and for the life of man in every sphere of action.

Rufus M. M. Sho

(Secretary Board of Publication of the Reformed Church)

Right education should be religious and true religion is necessarily educative.



(Bishop of Peoria)

I am asked to criticise the above proposition. It is a modern heresy. The difficulty lies in the content of the term education. What is meant by it? Presumably the result of the combined efforts of our schools, colleges, and universities. It is impossible to call this product religion, nor is it possible to define, by a single term and a play upon words, the greatest thing known to human life and history. Education and religion are not convertible terms, nor do they become so by the addi-

tion of "sound" to the first and "true" to the second. It is not even necessary that a religious man should be "educated," except in things concerning his faith, and this is the reason why a little child may be as religious as the grown-up man.

hariam Peals

(St. Paul's Church, Albany)

I do not think the statement which you send me is accurate. Education and religion are not synonymous terms; though it is true that a sound education is always pervaded by a religious spirit, and a true religion is always educative in its effects.

Lyman Abbets

(The Outlook)

Undoubtedly these words, properly understood, convey most important truths.

Silling Land

(Trinity University, Toronto)

Your statement, "Sound education is religion and true religion is sound education," is open to the objection that almost anything can be read into it, and with equal warrant and propriety. It has the sound of soundness without the certainty; and the scent of heresy without the proof. "Religion" and "education" are not synonyms in any ordinary acceptance of the terms. You can drive through the statement with "a coach and four," and carry all sorts of passengers. It is a definition that needs defining. If it had a little more bulk it would be less vague.

Hernok Johnson.

(McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago)

"Sound education is religion and true religion is always sound education," if the words "religion" and "education" are both used in their broadest sense, for both aim to put man into right relations with his whole environment, seen and unseen. Education has been too narrowly conceived as the development of the mind alone. "Sound education" must include the education of head and hand and heartthe development of all their God-given powers and possibilities. True religion must accomplish precisely the same result, and religionists who are shocked by the motto are probably those who have conceived of religion in a narrow sense that the Bible does not warrant, as simply the righting of man's relations with God; whereas, the Bible gives yet larger space to the more difficult hemisphere of religion—the righting of man's relations to man, the neglected hemisphere, which, in this age of cities, the church is called upon to develop, but a hemisphere which it has as yet scarcely discovered.

Wilber F. Crafto

(Superintendent International Reform Bureau, Washington)

This statement I interpret as addressed rather to the emotions than to the intellect. As such I should approve of it. If "promotes" were substituted for "is" in the two sentences, the sentiment could be more easily defended at the bar of the intellect. This substitution would result in a loss of good form but in a gain in the logic.

blas J. Thing

(President of Western Reserve University)

I do not think that the above is a true definition of either Education or Religion.

Abran S. Keur X

(New York)

I see nothing to object to in your statement, provided I read it full of what would be my meaning and what I suppose is yours. The dictum is an aphorism with all the possibility of abuse that always lies in an epigram. In right hands, yours is a lofty expression of the truth that religion is a reasonable service. To educate (draw out and up) is the evident divine end and "increas-

ing purpose." To know is not the end: but to know so as to do and to become. All fact has holy implications, and (unthwarted) a heavenly trend. Wonder and worship are the true children of reality. Religion is undoubtedly from the Latin religere, to ponder. Education is growth in the art and the material of pondering. The education that ignores man's highest and ultimate relation is un-"sound." I think so.

Mostryten

(President Hamilton College)

I consider the statement on the titlepage submitted to me too ambiguous to have any value. I can so construe it for myself as to divest it of any fallacy; but I think it would be generally regarded as indefinite and incomplete.

Wario P. Buel

(Western Theological Seminary)

True religion involves the development of all the faculties of man for the glory of God in the service of men. Without sound education such development is impossible. Sound education is, therefore, not the cause of, but an essential factor in, the development of true religion. True religion presupposes sound education and sound education is a religious duty.

Ges. W. Richards,

(Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church)

The word "Education" is generally limited in its meaning to the development of the mental faculties, to the discipline of the intellect. This limited definition given to education is unquestionably very faulty, and has resulted in much harm. Man is a compound of body, mind, and spirit; the word "Education" should be made to cover the entire man and not a fraction of him. The education that deals only with the mental faculties is a one-sided, lopsided education. It is a great mistake to call such a person educated.

The emotional, ethical, and spiritual natures are as much a part of the man as

the purely mental faculties, and, as a matter of fact, the word education does cover these, even though for a time custom has confined it to a narrower channel. The greatest philosopher whose ethical and spiritual nature has been neglected is not really an educated man.

By "Religion" we mean faith, worship, piety, man's relation to Deity. I should say a man might be truly religious, and yet not be truly educated; but true religion tends always toward sound education.

In place of the word "is" in the last clause of your title, I would place the words "eventuates in." In days past I have had reason to give this subject a good deal of thought, and I have given you the conclusions at which I have arrived.

Seo. B. Vorburgh

(First Baptist Church, Denver)

Neither proposition is true as it stands; with proper explanation both propositions may be accepted. "Sound education is religion," is correct in the sense that no education is sound without morality, and no morality is sound without religion." True religion is always sound education," but not the whole of it.

N. B. Rogers, S.J.

(President St. Louis University)

There is no sound education that is not dominated by religion. Personal religion that is in the broadest sense true includes or implies every element of a sound education.

Willis J. Beecher

(Auburn Theological Seminary)

The statement seems to me to involve confusion. Sound education, I think, should involve religious training, but can not by any stretch of language be made identical with it. In the same way, true religion involves an element of education, and inspires to intellectual and other activities, but it cannot be called "sound education." Education is the development of

our faculties for life purpose. It is determined in its scope by that purpose. Sound education will differ in different ages and with different needs in different ages. Religion is the attitude of the spiritual man to supersensual realities—an attitude generally of communion and dependence. The little child can be truly religious but utterly without education. The statement seems to me to be one of those loose untruths that do no good—and but little harm.

Those Nace

(Union Theological Seminary)

I should prefer the statement of Lessing, which your phrase very nearly approaches: "Education is Religion offered to the individual; Religion is Education offered to the race." (See Lessing, The Education of the Human Race, section 2.)

Brann Toubres

(Harvard University)

The legend which you refer to me with the expression of your desire for criticism is before me. I think I see the meaning you wish to be read into it, which is no doubt sound, but the statement is so removed from men's ordinary way of viewing things that I doubt whether the use of it will accomplish what you wish. It is one of those statements which may easily confuse or mislead unless submitted with a considerable amount of explanation.

- & Benj aruter

(Chancellor of the University of Nebraska)

The proposition can neither be affirmed nor denied without careful definition of terms. If "sound education" be the full and harmonious development of that religious being known as man—his body, his mind, his spirit, each in its own realm—if all this be done under the fullest blaze of light that man's Creator has thrown upon

him, then it must be religion. For religion means the binding back of man to his God, and when man's body, mind, and spirit are evolved according to the creative involvement, he is "bound back" to his God. But that blaze of light shows that man is off his base of natural development, and cannot be restored to it except he be born again, hence, regeneration is the first step both in "sound education" and in "true religion." This demand is a sine qua non. Granted, we endorse the proposition; refused, we repudiate it.

Francis A. Haton

(Temple Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia)

Religion = Metaphysics + Ethics: the first representing the divine, celestial; the second the human, terrestrial part. The road to metaphysics leads through physics, or in other words: true science leads to God. Since cultivation of mind and character are the two essential elements of sound education your thesis is sound also. Quad erat demonstrandum.

De forder Imper

(Managing editor Jewish Encyclopedia)

Sound education is religious in basis; I can conceive of no sound education not founded on Christian ethics, and Christian ethics are rooted in nature and revelation. As to education's being religion, I cannot see it that way. Education is a process; faith is a gift of God, not a process at all.

Sh annie Francis Egan.

(Catholic University, Washington)

All thoughtful men know that it is extremely difficult to give a satisfactory definition of the word "religion." So many and so varied senses there are in which the word is sometimes employed that a special definition in each case seems to be necessary. If we give a sufficiently broad significance to the words "sound education," making them include the symmetrical development of all the moral faculties,

I could heartily endorse the definition, "Sound education is religion." The latter part of the sentence, "true religion is always sound education," I emphatically endorse. Religion is the development, in due proportions, of the entire man. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. Religion is sanctified common sense. Sound education is, therefore, true religion, and true religion is sound education.

R. S. Inac Atthing.

(Calvary Baptist Church, New York)

The sentence quoted seems to me to exhibit an instance of inexact use of the copula such as is common in the effort at epigrammatic statement. The hyperbole is perhaps near enough to out-and-out paradox to escape being taken literally except by the captious; but it seems to be only a paradoxical way of saying what might otherwise appear a truism. For "is" I understand "involves."

B. W. Bacon

(Yale University)

Religion is the soul's passion and pull for God. Sound education is religious because it helps the soul along. True religion is educative; its ceaseless teasing forbids the soul to be content with a static and uneducated life.

Lyman Forele

(Church of St. John, Lansdowne, Pennsylvania)

I fear that your title page is open to criticism. While all education that is really sound must include religion, yet I fear the statement that sound education is religion is liable to easy misapprehension. Why not say, "Sound education is the hand-maid of religion, and true religion promotes sound education"?

D. U. Ondley

(Bishop of Kentucky)

I believe the statement called into question is most admirable and logically and etymologically true. Dr. Joseph Alden once defined education as "the

condition of that soul which has been fitted to be and do what God meant it to be and do." God meant the soul to be one in Him with Him. God meant the soul to do His will. A soul that is and does this is truly religious and soundly edu-Etymologically, an educated soul has been drawn out of its natural state and. according to Dr. Alden, into the condition in which it is what God meant it to be and in which it can do what God meant it to do. Measured by such a standard, "Sound education is religion; and true religion is sound education." That is also in accord with the oft-quoted definition of James 1: 27. Pure religion is doing what God meant the soul to do: good works-being what God meant the soul to be: pure.

Richart Vill Aremut

(Shadyside Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg)

The definition is correct if the widest meaning be given to the terms "education" and "religion." When Charles Kingsley said, "Not we but God is educating us," this was probably what he meant. But in common with many epigrammatic summaries, the sentence is liable to be misunderstood.

J. Harmond Pattison

(Rochester Theological Seminary)

Education and religion are not synonymous. Sound education can never conflict with true religion. True religion will always uphold sound education. Education without religion is destroying morality and civil liberty in the United States.

Sorenzo J. Markoe

(White Bear, Minn.)

I think the words which you send me are open to criticism, unless accompanied by explanation. The first sentence is, "Sound education is religion." If you mean by "sound education," the education of the whole man, body, mind, and spirit, then that would include religion; but education, and even sound education, as those words are ordinarily understood, might not include religion. Unfortunately, we have educated villains. Many a man, a graduate of a college or university, who has stood high as a scholar, has proven himself to be utterly devoid, not only of religion, but of morality. The second clause also, without explanation, is open to objection. Some of the most earnest and devout Christians are illiterate. It is fortunate that they do not have to acquire an education to become truly religious. Yet, of course, if you include in "true religion" the development of all the powers of a man, that would naturally include education. At the best, therefore, I should say that this title contains only half the truth.

Illphin M. Dana

(Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia)

Too inexact and misleading for a motto. It apparently means that education and religion are harmonious, but affirms that they are identical, which they are not. The reader doubts, and reflection confirms his doubt, which defeats the purpose of a motto.

William newton Clark.

(Colgate University)

Your enclosed title page is so suggestive and on the whole so true that I should not go out of my way to criticise it. It would perhaps be more accurate if it said: Sound education is education in religion, and true religion always involves (or inspires) sound education. The truth is, that it is hard for anyone to give an exact definition of so profound a reality as religion or education.

C.TOre

(First Congregational (Unitarian) Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston)

This phrase is somewhat too rhetorical to admit of accurate discussion. I interpret it to mean that the ideal education includes training in the principles of religion, and that a true conception of religion recognizes that there is a possibility of developing the religious instincts and making intelligent the religious faith, which seem to be a part of essential

humanity. In other words, that educational process is deficient which ignores the possibility of personal development through the acquisition of correct intellectual method and every sort of truth.

Shaile Mathews

(Divinity School, University of Chicago)

Religion is reverence and awe before the great laws of life—and obedience to them; any education that does not include training in such reverence and awe and obedience is not sound education. Life is the end, religion is the way to the end, and education is the training in that way.

William M. Sala

(President of the Society for Ethical Culture, Chicago)

The statement quoted identifies things which are not identical but related. The statement is not true, unless you put into the two words meanings which do not belong to them in their current use. I should prefer the statement: "Sound education is religious; and true religion includes sound education."

William 7. Moowell

(Corresponding Secretary Board of Education, M. E. Church)

Education means literally the "leading out" of that which is in the individual. The meaning of religion is in dispute, but it seems to me that "a binding up" by the emotional force in one's nature is the proper meaning. I understand how an epigrammatic statement that sound education results in true religion, will raise the hair of the church people, but nevertheless it seems to be true.

Pottontax

(University Extension Lecturer, New York)

In my opinion, these two statements must be separated; they are not equivalents. I do not believe that sound educa-

tion is always religion, but I believe that true religion is always sound education.

John It Conserve

(Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia)

Religion constitutes the very centre of our being, existing, as an inspiring force, behind all our faculties. Consequently, it is the primary condition of the education of the whole man, so that one can reasonably affirm that sound education is religion and true religion is always sound education, the drawing out of all that is best in the man.

W. rees Gola.

(Episcopal Theological School, Philadelphia)

Sound education is impossible without religion and true religion always involves sound education.

Frank n June aulus

(Central Church, Chicago)

Were I responsible for the expression I would feel like safeguarding it so as to imply the Divine element in religion. It is too humanitarian to suit me. The personal and immanent God is too far ignored.

Hony Asterbius

(Central Presbyterian Church, Rochester)

If "sound" Education is the training of the whole man, then it must include religion, because the spiritual is an essential part of human nature. If true religion is the salvation of the whole man, it must embrace in the scope of its redeeming the physical and intellectual. In the words of the marriage service, "Those (Education and Religion) whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

W.A. Gum -

(University of the South)

· THE · BEST · NEW · THINGS ·

FROM · THE · WORLD · OF · PRINT

A Uniform English Accent

Since language is to keep people together and not to keep them apart, it would be well if throughout the English-speaking world there would be one accent, one idiom, and one intonation. This there never has been yet, but there is no reason at all why it should not be. There is arising even now a standard of good English to which many dialects and many influences are contributing. From the Highlanders and the Irish, for example, the English of the South are learning the possibilities of the aspirates h and wh, which latter had entirely, and the former very largely, dropped out of use about a hundred years ago. The drawling speech of Essex and New England-for the main features of what people call Yankee intonation are to be found in perfection in the cottages of Hampshire and West Sussex-is being quickened, perhaps from the same sources. The Scotch are acquiring the English use of shall and will, and the confusion of reconstruction is world-wide among our vowels. The German w of Mr. Samuel Weller has been obliterated within the space of a generation or so. There is no reason at all why the natural development of the English of the coming age should not be greatly forwarded by our deliberate efforts, why it should not be possible within a little while to define a standard pronunciation of our tongue .- H. G. Wells on "Mankind in the Making" in The Cosmopolitan.

Gladys-Isn't he an awful flat?

Edith-Yes, but he has an auto, a yacht, and a drag. He's what you might call a flat with all modern improvements. Judge.

Wit of a London Magistrate

The late ex-Commissioner R. M. Kerr, for many years Judge of the City of London Court, had not been long in office before he began to make his mark. He laid down a few guiding principles and to these he stuck from first to last. His decisions were based on common sense and good judgment, and, although his manner was sometimes a little harsh, he was greatly appreciated by the people who had recourse to his court, realizing, as they did, that he quickly grasped the point which had to be adjudicated upon. His Scotch accent added a piquancy to his obiter dicta, which greatly increased his popu-

larity. Among his well-remembered phrases are the following: "Never go to law under any circumstances. You had much better lose your money than go to law. As a rule it only puts money into the pockets of the lawyers-the very worst possible form in which money can be spent." "The moment that you, a foreigner, land at Dover, you are supposed to know the whole law of England-which nobody I know ever knew." "King David said in his haste, 'All men are liars.' If he had been sitting here for forty years, as I have done, he would have said it in his leisure." "Never give credit. Always deal for cash. I do." "Always put your bargains into writing. Pens are cheap, ink is cheap, and paper is cheap. People contradict each other so much that by-and-by every commercial transaction will have to be reduced to writing. When you go to buy a penny loaf even, you will have to take an order for it in writing to prevent a contradiction arising."-The Daily Graphic.

Bank Director—How did you come to examine his books?

His Associate—I heard him address his Sunday-school class on
"We are here to-day and gone to-morrow."—Modern Society.

Mrs. Stanton and Horace Greelev

The late Elizabeth Cady Stanton was particularly apt at retort, and one of her swift parries of a thrust delivered by Horace Greeley against her favorite doctrine of woman suffrage is historic.

"Madam," said Horace, one day during the Civil War, "the ballot and the bullet go together. If you want to vote, are you ready to fight?"

"Certainly, sir," she responded, "I am ready to fight, just as you are fighting—through a substitute."

Notwithstanding their differences of opinion, Mrs. Stanton and Greeley were personally friendly until the New York Constitutional Convention of 1868. A woman suffrage clause was strenuously pressed upon that body, and as vigorously opposed by Mr. Greeley. One day, after the *Tribune* editor had made some particularly rasping remarks upon the subject, George William Curtis rose, and said:

"I have the honor, Mr. Chairman, to present a petition in favor of the woman suffrage amend-

ment, signed by Mrs. Horace Greeley and three hundred other ladies."

Greeley was furious, and rightly ascribed the appearance of the memorial at that moment to Mrs. Stanton.

"Why did you not put my wife's maiden name on that petition, and call her Mary Cheney Greeley?" he demanded, the next time they met,

"Because," said Mrs. Stanton, "I wanted all the world to know that Horace Greeley's wife protested against her husband's report on the suffrage amendment,"

"All right," retorted the editor, "hereafter you shall always be spoken of in the *Tribune* as Mrs. Henry B. Stanton." And so it was to the

self, but must wait until the higher powers resume their normal operation. Beyond falling in love and the abiding desire to "best" his fellows in money making, the civilized man is never in contact with any elemental facts his whole life long; in time, the Socialists may succeed in taking away the outlet for even these last workings of the old Adam. The efforts of civilization are all directed toward removing the accidental and violent incursions of what we may term nature, so reducing life more and more to an orderly sequence, with a corresponding loss both of power and of character in the individual.—The London Saturday Review.

Towne—Heavens! man, how could you bring yourself to wear such an outrageous necktie?

Browne—Well, it was Hobson's choice with me. You see— Towne—Huh! it looks more like Mrs. Hobson's choice.

-Philadelphia Press.

AMBIGUOUS



I would like something in oil for my dining room.

Yes, Madam, a painting, or a box of sardines?—Fliegende Blätter.

time of her death, although the name of Elizabeth Cady Stanton was known to hundreds of thousands who could not identify the woman by the appellation under which the *Tribune*, for revenge, tried to obscure her fame.—*The Pilgrim*.

Affable Aristocrat—Well, the fact is, my name is not Gibson. You see, I'm travelling inceg. There's my card.

Mr. Tuppings-Glad to hear it. I'm travelling in pickles. Here's mine.-Tit-Bits.

The Helplessness of the Civilized

The ordinary town-bred man has in these times but few calls on his resourcefulness, on his handiness, either physical or mental, to meet an emergency; he lives in his appropriate pigeon hole; to a school with all its work and play carefully mapped out succeeds the life of a specialist "fiddling at a piston or a valve"; even if his morning train or tram break down, he can do nothing him-

A Strange Mixture

It was in a slow accommodation train running from Memphis to Little Rock. I found myself crowded with a number of "drummers" in one of the passenger coaches. Strewed over the floor of the car were valises and sample-cases in profusion. The conversation among the men was mainly of the various "houses" they "represented." Finally one of the "drummers" opened his valise, pulled out a bottle of whisky, and handed it about to his brothers in trade. His manner was that of a general who was summoning his forces preliminary to making his coup de main.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have here the bestselling article I ever handled."

Out of the confused pile of baggage he extricated a small leather case. He pressed a spring, and the case lay open on his knees. "This is the greatest panoramic chart of Biblical history ever made. Here are some cards describing it. Keep them." He had the undivided attention of the whole group. "In the centre space you will see the illustrations of Bible scenes; in the left-hand space the Scripture text, giving in inspired language the statement of the historical facts. In the right-hand space appear the subjects, with the dates accurately noted. Here, for instance, is the picture of Creation, modelled closely after the Biblical language, so that we can know just how it looked-Scripture texts from Genesis on the left, date on the right. Insert this adjustable crank, and you have the next scene-Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden-Scripture text on the left, date on the right. A child can manage it and understand it; at the same time, it is instructive to the most learned Biblical scholars. Look at these indorsements from the most eminent divines and theological professors of all denominations. Nothing like it. I make a hundred and fifty dollars a month with it right here in Arkansas; I ask nothing better."

"It is certainly the best device I ever saw for making Bible study easy," remarked a rather flashily dressed member of the brotherhood.

"Why, gentlemen," declared the man with the Bible chart and the whisky, "I am ready to say that I have been a student of the Bible all my life; but I never learned so much about Bible history as I have since I have been selling this wonderful illustrated panoramic chart, the most remarkable work ever published in the interest of religion."—From "Religious Life in America," by Ernest Hamlin Abbott (The Outlook Co.).

He—How did you come to get interested in that story? She—I liked the way it ended.—Detroit Free Press.

A High Conservative View of the President

One had not expected to find President Roosevelt, sportsman and gentleman, to such an extent overcome with admiration at the greatness he represented; and the whole of his Message to Congress was perceptibly vitiated by the more than Pharisaic self-congratulation of the bombastic proem. The process known to Americans as "biling down" does not leave a large deposit. The President has just stumped America on a sort of anti-Trust mission; but in his Message the provisos and qualifications almost obscure his point that the time has come for Trusts, especially when they affect international relations, to be placed under public regulation.

It ought to be astonishing that a man of such force and intelligence as President Roosevelt, even after the effects of so inflated an introduction, should be content even in a Message to Congress with the vaporous generalities that follow. How does it help the present financial stringency to be told that "an element of elasticity in the monetary system is necessary"? or the relations of Labor and Capital to hear that "the conduct of each must conform to the fundamental rules of obedience to the laws of individual freedom and of justice and fair dealing to all"? He becomes a little more like himself as he gets further from his preface. One has sympathy with his views on stricter immigration laws, and the proposal to create a Secretary for Commerce with a seat in the Cabinet would be sensible enough if the standard of commerce were not universal in the States. There was a certain wisdom, if of the serpent, in snubbing Venezuela in the same breath that he maintained the Monroe doctrine and insisted on a stronger navy. But was President Roosevelt serious when he said that "no policy had vindicated itself more signally than the policy of holding the Philippines"?—The London Saturday Review.

Teacher-Johnnie, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him.

Johnnie-Don't keer if you do; he wrote it fer me.
-Detroit Free Press.

How Stevenson Wrote His Stories

I have been writing to Louis's dictation the story of Anne de St. Ives, a young Frenchman in the time of Napoleon. Some days we have worked from eight o'clock until four, and that is not counting the hours Louis writes and makes notes in the early morning by lamp-light. He dictates with great earnestness, and when particularly interested unconsciously acts the part of his characters. When he came to the description of the supper Anne has with Flora and Ronald, he bowed as he dictated the hero's speeches, and twirled his mustache. When he described the interview between the old lady and the drover, he spoke in

NO DECEPTION



See here, when I bought this dog you told me he was good for rats, but he won't touch them !

Well, isn't that good for rats? - Fliegende Blatter.

a high voice for the one and a deep growl for the other, and all in broad Scotch, oven to "coma" (comma).

When Louis was writing Ballantrae, my mother says he once came into her room to look in the glass, as he wished to describe a certain haughty, disagreeable expression of his hero's.

He told her he actually expected to see the master's clean-shaven face and powdered head, and was quite disconcerted at beholding only his own reflection.

I was sitting by Louis's bedside with a book, this evening, when he asked me to read aloud. "Don't go back," he said; "start in just where you are." As it happened, I was reading the "Merry Men"; he laughed a little when he recognized his own words. I went on and finished the story. "Well," he said, "it is not cheerful; it is distinctly not cheerful!"

"In these stories," I asked, "do you preach a moral?"

"Oh! not mine," he said. "What I want to give, what I try for, is God's moral!"

"Could you not give 'God's moral,' in a pretty story?" I asked.

"It is a very difficult thing to know," he said; it is a thing I have often thought over—the prob-

FLATTERY-WITH AN OBJECT



Jocasta (with an axe of her own to grind), ingratiatingly—Oh yes, Papa, it does suit you. I never saw you look so nice in anything before !—Punch.

lem of what to do with one's talents." He said he thought his own gift lay in the grim and terrible—that some writers touch the heart, he clutched at the throat.—From "Memories of Vailima," by Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne (Scribner).

A sure aid to matrimony-Propingpongquity.-Punch.

Future of the Transvaal

The directors of the Transvaal mines insist that no new tax shall be placed upon their industry within five years. In our view, according to common right and all precedent, London has no excuse for imposing any war indemnity on the Transvaal. She made war to capture the country; she has captured it; she is indemnified by the fact of that capture. Here, certainly, is sufficient indemnity, according to all precedent.

The English regime does not confer, and will not confer, any special business advantage on the mines. Reductions of working cost, especially in dynamite, and lower freight rates and customs dues, will be amply compensated for by new taxes.

Our judgment is that the real gold-producing district, the Witwatersrand, should not be able to keep on its maximum production for more than a decade, and that it ought to be completely used up in twenty or twenty-five years at the outside. . . . What does this celebrated district still contain? It may be said as a certainty that there are still 10,000,000,000 francs contained int. But at the rate of 600,000,000 francs production per year, a figure which is likely to be passed within five or six years, there can hardly be gold for more than seventeen or eighteen years.

There is no doubt that even after the exhaustion of the Witwatersrand, other gold-fields will be found in South Africa. But will they produce the prodigious wealth of that district? Will they not rather resemble the moderate deposits of Rhodesia? Moreover, can the plan of exploiting gold mines to the depth of 6,000 or 8,000 feet be carried out, when the deepest mines in the world—the copper mines of the Calumet and Hecla of Michigan—have a depth of only 5,000 feet?

All the future of the British element of the Transvaal depends upon the duration of the gold mines. To-day those mines are in a gulf of depression. It may be presumed that Mr. Chamberlain knows this fact, and will hesitate to give them the finishing stroke.—M. Leroy Beaulieu, quoted in New York Mail and Express.

Mary, there's three months' dust in the drawing-room!

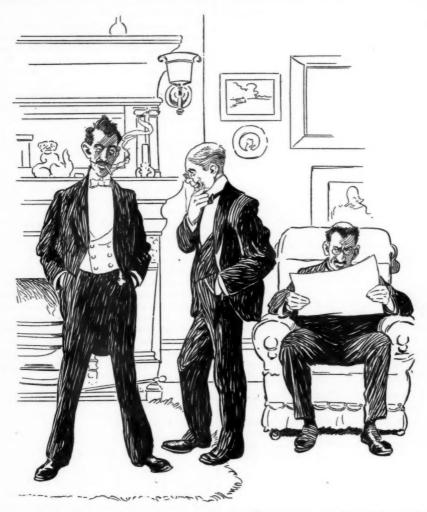
That isn't my fault, mum. You know I've only bin here a fortnight.—Puck.

Revolt Against Petticoat Rule

The amiable, patient, and tolerant attitude of the American man to his womankind is a matter of common knowledge in all lands—and of jest in some. But to those who can read the signs of the times there has, for some time, been coming a suspicion that the American man is getting a trifle too much of his women. They are good things—he is ready to defend that against all comers—but a good thing can cloy, particularly if it is sweet; and we learned in our nursery that girls are made only of sugar and spice.

Taking her as a whole, the American woman is

PULLING HIS LEG



First Member-I hear that Cohenstein sends everything he shoots to the hospitals, instead of to the game-dealer.

Second Member—How awfully good of him; what does he go in for mostly—grouse, partridges, or pheasants?

First Member-No, he only shoots beaters, and he's got to send them to the hospitals. -The Tatler.

getting to be considerable of a bore. There is far and away too much Ego in her Cosmos. She talks too much about herself, and gets herself too much talked about. She has been given an inch and she takes an ell. To combine a proverb or two-she is a beggar who has been put on a free horse, and bids fair to ride it to death. Our women have pretty much emasculated our literature for us already, and the feminine atmosphere is getting to be all-pervading. It is not a good one for the

But there are straws blowing about in the wind which indicate that the male is revolting, and one of these is the reaction against co-education. The masculine instructor and student is growing restive at being swamped by a flood of what Mr. Dooley would call "female girls." He is showing, it is said, a marked preference for colleges where women cannot go. And there are those who stigmatize him as ungallant therefor.

But there are others who think that he is not ungallant, merely entirely right-right to insist that there shall be still some spot in these United States where he can talk the man-talk alone with the men. where he can test his abilities and put them to their utmost without a flapping petticoat beside him to hamper his legs in the race. He has fairly done his duty before High Heaven and all the ages. He has given woman that chance to show that she can "keep up" for which she has clamored, and it begins to look as if she had proved that the only way she can do it is by keeping him back. For it is one of her characteristics that she is able "to find satisfaction in shining by comparison with a low standard." The cleverest of her does as well as a clever man-let us grant it, if only for the sake of argument-but what becomes of her beside the cleverest man?

She is about invisibly far behind. She has run, and she has lost. But the sporting instinct is not overstrong in her. She will come up lagging and wail of the handicap of a long line of down-trodden female ancestors, beautifully oblivious of the fact that half her ancestors were presumably male.-Gwendolen Overton, in The Argonaut.

What is a rare book, pop?

A rare book, my son, is one which has not been roasted by the critics .- Yonkers Statesman.

Matthew Arnold the Man

Matthew Arnold's appearance was both impressive and agreeable. He was tall, of commanding presence, with black hair, which never became grey, and blue eyes. He was shortsighted, and his eye-glass gave him a false air of

superciliousness, accentuated by the clever caricaturist of Vanity Fair. In reality he was the most genial and amiable of men. No one could be cross or bored when Matthew Arnold was in the room. He was always amusing, and always seemed to look at the bright side of things. Naturally sociable, and in a modest way convivial, he took pleasure both in the exercise and in the acceptance of hospitality. He knew good wine from bad, and was not ashamed to admit the knowledge. His talk was witty, pointed, and often irresistibly droll. Although public speaking did not suit him, he had a very flexible voice, admirably fitted for the dramatic rendering of a story, or for the purposes of satirical criticism. He could be very dogmatic in conversation, but never aggressive or overbearing. For a poet he was surprisingly practical, taking a lively interest in people's incomes, the rent of their houses, the produce of their gardens, and the size of their families. He had none of Wordsworth's contempt for gossip, and his father's strenuous earnestness had not "Habitually indulging a descended to him. strong propensity to mockery," as Macaulay says of Halifax, he was never ill-natured, and never willingly gave pain. He would make fun of the people he loved best, but he always did it goodhumouredly. His theoretical belief in the principle of authority had little influence upon his practice. Mr. Arthur Benson, in his portly biography of his father, tells us how the author of Literature and Dogma, on being confronted with some paternal dictum, replied with his confidential smile, "Dear Dr. Arnold was not infallible." Mr. Arnold's smile was like a touch of nature, it made the whole world kin .- From "Matthew Arnold," by Herbert W. Paul (Macmillan).

Jinks-I don't think much of this museum; why, they ain't got no skull of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the one I was in up to New York has two. - Baltimore American.

The Late Niagara Falls

Civilization is passing over the face of the continent as resistlessly as the movement of the glaciers, denuding it of forests, slaughtering its wild animals and birds, obliterating every touch of natural beauty, degrading the grandeur of nature's handiwork, straightening out streams, squaring ponds and bays, levelling hills and valleys, and diverting cataracts to power-tunnels. Even the cataract of Niagara will soon be chasing its tail in a turbine wheel like a caged squirrel. Progression is the law of the race. If the destruction of the Niagara cataract can make a town grow up that grew up somewhere else before or would otherwise have grown up somewhere else, if it can so modify the struggle for existence that some will be able to lie a little longer in the morning, while others will have to rise a little earlier, the achievement will be hailed as a success.

It would be a stroke of genius to make provision for certain Niagara days in all future concessions. It would be a splendid thing to be able to announce that the Niagara Falls would be turned on from 8 a.m. till 10.30 p.m. on a certain date, when excursionists would have an opportunity of seeing the great wonder of nature in its original condition. If, once a month, the tunnels were closed and the great river made to pour over the American and Horseshoe Falls, there could be periodical Niagara days, and the glory of the barrel and boat heroes and heroines would remain undimmed. We could even organize a Niagara Old Boys' Association. At present the people who saw the Falls before the gorge was profaned by trolley lines are afraid to visit the place for fear the picture in their minds would be irreparably daubed and spotted. But with a regular Niagara day, arrangements might be made for the suspension of all concessions. The cataract could also be turned on to welcome and honor distinguished visitors .- Toronto Globe.

Old Crusteigh-How did you dare, sir, to kiss my daughter last night on the dark piazza?

Young Gayboy-Gad, now that I've seen her by daylight I wonder myself .- Smart Set.

A Protestant on "Prayers for the Dead"

What is meant by prayers for the dead? Exactly the same as prayers for those in the body. When the body dies the soul, or the essential man, is not touched by death. The personality is that which thinks, chooses, lives. Your mother is not the form on which your eyes rested, or the arms which encircled you, but the thought, the devotion, the affection concealed, yet revealed, by the body, and which use it for their instrument. In reality we never saw our dearest friends; what we saw was color, form, but never the spirit. That is disclosed through the body, but is not identified with it. Now just as we have prayed for a mother or a child, or a friend whose physical form is familiar, but whose personality we have seen only in its revelations, so we continue to pray for that loved one whom we do not see any more, or any less, after what is called death. In other words, instead of thinking of any as dead, we think of all as alive, although many of them are in the unseen sphere. Love and sympathy have never been dependent on the body except for expression, and there is no evidence that they ever will be. Sympathy and affection, thought and will, are matters

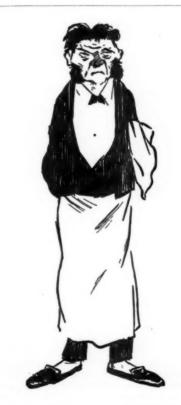
of spirit; and why may not spirit feel for spirit and minister to spirit when the body is laid aside? Your hands, your feet, your lips, did not pray for your child; your spirit prayed for his spirit, and now that his body is laid aside, like a worn-ont garment, you may keep on doing just what you did before. This is what is meant by prayers for the dead.—From "The Ascent of the Soul," by Amory H. Bradford, D.D. (The Outlook Co.).

It was since the coal famine began. The boy had been to church, and was still shivering when he reached the cheerless hearth at home. "What was the text?" asked his mother. "Many are cold, but few are frozen," chattered the youth.

-Baltimore American.

The English Waiter

Waiters are what you try to find at restaurants. They pronounce prunes "pruins," rhubarb "rhubub," and tapioca "tabbyochre." If you do it the other way they correct you. They also



-The Sketch.

pronounce you no gentleman if you forget to tip them because they had forgotten to attend to you.

There are British waiters and there are foreign waiters. The foreigners are preferable, as they do not possess that splendid quality, British independence. "Waiter, I have asked three times for a serviette!" I once complained to a British waiter. "Four times, sir," corrected that gloomy functionary, convicting me of a lie.

Occasionally, indeed, waiters have the pretty gift of repartee. For example, "Waiter, there is a beetle in my soup!" cried a customer at a cheap hostelry. "Well, it won't eat yer, will it?" said the man.

One of the mysteries concerning waiters is how they make the business pay. It has hitherto remained unsolved, but I asked one of them the other day. "Well, you see, sir," he told me, "it's like this. We're such shocking bad reckoners. We're allus makin' mistakes in the bills."—The Sketch.

Rita-Why is Mr. Kodak so glum looking?

Nita-He and Eleanor have just come out of the dark room, where he had evidently developed a negative. -- Princeton Tiger.

"Let Us Have War"

If any war is good, civil war must be best. The virtues of victory and the lessons of defeat would be kept within the nation. This would protect the nation from the temptation to fight for gold or trade. Civil war under proper limitations could remedy this. A time limit could be adopted, as in football, and every device known to the arena could be used to get the good of war and to escape its evils.

For example, of all our States, New York and Illinois have doubtless suffered most from the evils of peace, if peace has evils which disappear with war. They could be pitted against each other. while the other States looked on. The "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky could be made the arena. This would not interfere with trade in Chicago, nor soil the streets in Baltimore. The armies could be filled from the ranks of the unemployed, while the pasteboard heroes of the National Guard could act as officers. All could be done in decency and order, with no recriminations and no oppression of an alien foe. We should have all that is good in war, its pomp and circumstance, the "grim resolution of the London clubs," without war's long train of murderous evils. Who could deny this? And yet who could defend it?

If war is good, we should have it regardless of its cost, regardless of its horrors, its sorrows, its anguish, havoc, and waste.

But it is bad, only to be justified as the last resort

of "mangled, murdered liberty," a terrible agency, to be evoked only when all other arts of self-defence shall fail. The remedy for most ills of men is not to be sought in "whirlwinds of rebellion that shake the world," but in peace and justice, equality among men, and the cultivation of those virtues we call Christian, because they have been virtues ever since man and society began, and will be virtues still when the era of strife is past and the "redcoat bully in his boots" no longer "hides the march of man from us."

It is the voice of political wisdom which falls from the bells of Christmastide: "Peace on earth, good will towards men!"—From "The Blood of the Nation," by President David Starr Jordan (American Unitarian Association).

How about that new health food you invented? Is it on the market yet?

No; I've given it up. I find that all the good names have been used.—Answers.

The Problem of Alsace-Lorraine

France's philosophical claim to the lost provinces is plausible and unique, in that it waives all contentions grounded on blood affinities. French nationality does not rest on kinship. It is based on an idea, the idea that was first proclaimed in the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and on the system that was framed to embody it. These have made Gascon and Provençal and Norman and Breton and Fleming one people, have turned the Savoyard into a Frenchman in one generation, and are loosening the bond that holds the Catalan to Spain. Alsace remained German in speech after its seizure by Louis XIV., but the Declaration of the Rights of Man made it passionately French in sentiment, and some of Napoleon's bravest lieutenants had Alsatian names.

Three specific solutions of the question have been mooted within recent years in Europe. One is that Germany shall trade Alsace-Lorraine for a French colony-say Madagascar. Another is that Germany shall disarm French resentment for good by voluntarily restoring to the republic the fortress of Metz and the purely French-speaking districts about it. The third is that Alsace-Lorraine shall be constituted a republic under the protection of the Powers. Among visionaries a still more ambitious dream is cherished. They say that the troubles of the entire Rhine Valley have grown out of the fact that the imperial mapmakers have been trying to make two nations out of three peoples. They say that the Rhine German is no more a Prussian than he is a Frenchman, and they talk of the time when a new confederacy of the Rhine shall be established, a sort of "shoestring" State that should include Switzerland,

Alsace-Lorraine, Baden, Wurtemburg, Holland, and Belgium, and embrace a population of about 20,000,000.—G. B. F., in the New York Mail and Express.

Old Lady—Does this parrot use any bad language?

Bird Dealer—No'm; but he's a young bird and easily taught.

—Fudce.

The Political "Total Abstainer"

No word of mine shall ever be uttered to depreciate that robust and virile independence in politics which holds country and honor above party, which, while acting within party lines, ever tries to secure the best in men and measures, and, often buffeted and defeated, never ceases to wage war upon dishonesty and chicanery, using party as a weapon, but never wearing it as a voke. But the independent who prides himself upon being a total abstainer, until the day of election, from all lot or part in political movements should be treated as those who skulk when the bugle sounds. It was not the arduous rigors of the Alps nor the repeated assaults of Rome's legions that broke the nerve of Hannibal's victorious army, but the soft vices of Capua, where sloth and ease took the place of vigilance and strife, and the sutler's tent supplanted the general's guidon in the soldier's affection.-From a speech by the late Governor Wolcott, of Massachusetts, quoted in "Roger Wolcott," by Bishop Laurence (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

She-You didn't stay long in London.

He-No, I couldn't stand it. Over there, everybody knew me for an American right away. Here, in New York, no one ever suspects it.—Sware Set.

Gambling in "Futures"

"J.," remarked Cressler, "did anything funny ever happen to you—warnings, presentiments, that sort of thing? Mrs. Wessels and I have been talking spiritualism. Laura, have you ever had any 'experiences'?"

She shook her head.

"No, no. I am too material, I am afraid."

"How about you, 'J'?"

"Nothing much, except that I believe in 'luck'—a little. The other day I flipped a coin in Gretry's office. If it fell heads I was to sell wheat short, and somehow I knew all the time that the coin would fall heads—and so it did."

"And you made a great deal of money," said Laura. "I know. Mr. Court was telling me. That was splendid."

"That was deplorable, Laura," said Cressler, gravely. "I hope some day," he continued, "we can all of us get hold of this man and make him solemnly promise never to gamble in wheat again."

Laura stared. To her mind the word "gam-

bling" had always been suspect. It had a bad sound; it seemed to be associated with depravity of the baser sort.

"Gambling!" she murmured.

"They call it buying and selling," he went on, "down there in La Salle Street. But it is simply betting. Betting on the condition of the market weeks, even months, in advance. You bet wheat goes up. I bet it goes down. Those fellows in the Pit don't own the wheat; never even see it. Wouldn't know what to do with it if they had it. They don't care in the least about the grain. But there are thousands upon thousands of farmers out here in Iowa and Kansas or Dakota who do, and

A WAY OUT



Young Wife—Goodness, Paul, I haven't the heart to kill the hen here! Couldn't you run over it with your automobile.

—Fliesende Blätter.

hundreds of thousands of poor devils in Europe who care even more than the farmer. I mean the fellows who raise the grain, and the other fellows who eat it. It's life or death for either of them. And right between these two comes the Chicago speculator, who raises or lowers the price out of all reason, for the benefit of his pocket. You see, Laura, here is what I mean." Cressler had suddenly become very earnest. Absorbed, interested, Laura listened intently. "Here is what I mean." pursued Cressler. "It's like this: If we send the price of wheat down too far the farmer suffers, the fellow who raises it; if we send it up too far, the poor man in Europe suffers, the fellow who eats it. And food to the peasant on the Continent is bread -not meat and potatoes, as it is with us. The

PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT IS PRAISE INDEED



Butler-Is this one o' your paintings, may I ask, Miss Ethel?

Miss Ethel-Yes, it's one of mine.

Butler—I thought as much, miss; I should like to say it 'as been much hadmired by the hupper servants. I may hadd, I myself wasted quite five minutes looking at it this afternoon.

—The Tatler.

only way to do so that neither the American farmer nor the European peasant suffers, is to keep wheat at an average, legitimate value. The moment you inflate or depress that, somebody suffers right away. And that is just what these gamblers are doing all the time, booming it up or booming it down. Think of it, the food of hundreds and hundreds of thousands of people just at the mercy of a few men down there on the Board of Trade. They make the price. They say just how much the peasant shall pay for his loaf of bread. And as for the farmer, why, it's ludicrous. If I build a house and offer it for sale, I put my own price on it, and if the price offered don't suit me I don't sell. But if I go out here in Iowa and raise a crop of wheat, I've got to sell it, whether I want to or not, at the figure named by some fellows in Chicago. And to make themselves rich they make me sell it at a price that bankrupts me."-From "The Pit," by the late Frank Norris (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Tourist—When does the next train start for Cork, porter? Irish Porter—She's just gone, sorr !—Punch.

Cooking by Electricity

The very latest application of electricity is to cooking. M. Moissan, of Paris, has been making experiments in raising heat by electricity. He has succeeded in inventing an electric crucible in which very great heat is generated, and the most intractable substances, that hitherto had defied analysis, are driven off into vapor; but more moderate heat can also be obtained for ordinary purposes. In fact, it is a mere matter of arrangement whether we get light or motion or heat from the electric current. If we choose heat we can have it, and we can use it as we desire, to smelt metals or to cook our dinner. An electric oven has been invented, in which electricity both turns the spit and roasts the joint. The fireplace has been turned into a small electric furnace, from which the heat radiates just the same as if it were a coal fire. Vessels have also been made for cooking purposes, with an outer and an inner skin, the interval between the two skins being filled with a white metal which is heated by a current of electricity. In this way water can be boiled and food cooked. There are three degrees of heat, according to the will of the attendant. The vessels are provided with binding screws that connect them with the current in a moment. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this invention. In a few years we shall be turning on our room-fires for heating just as we now turn on the gas for lighting. Our cooking will be done without dust or smoke; and by being able exactly to regulate the intensity of the heat, we shall also be able to cook a steak to our entire satisfaction. At the breakfast table the coffee may be made before our eyes; while soups and other preparations can be allowed to simmer any needed time, with the certainty that the fire will neither become too hot nor go out altogether. There is hope for scientific cookery under the conditions of the coming time. The housewife's labors will be lightened, and her husband's temper will remain serene.—Chambers's Journal.

You and Mr. Smith were out very late, Mildred, said Mrs. Ricketts, severely, to her daughter.

Well, mamma, we wished to see the star-shower Why, the shower of stars was last week.

I know that; but Mr. Smith had to work that night and couldn't come. - Judge.

The English Guinea

One of the most curious and unaccountable things in modern life is the lasting popularity of the guinea. When one begins to think about it, it seems very strange that the idea of the guinea should so long survive its currency. Obsolete as a coin, there is not the slightest chance of the guinea being forgotten; to this day it flourishes, but it is as a fee. A guinea, or a multiple of the guinea, is still the honorarium of the physician. The lawyer-at all events, the counsel and the K.C.never think of money but in guineas, and every subscription-list shows by its neat row of double figures that a gift in guineas is considered the most appropriate. This odd survival of a dead coin is certainly not owing to its particular convenience. Twenty-one shillings is an awkward sum to manipulate. It discounts the use of decimals, and nowadays the payment of a guinea fee by hand means diving in one's pocket or purse for silver as well as gold. It is clear that the secret of our fondness for the guinea must lie in sentiment. The halo of romance is round its head, and we continue to look upon it as the most gentlemanly of coins.-The Lady.

Kentucky Teacher (of infant geography class)—Tommy Blood may tell us what a strait is.

Tommy Blood-It's jis' th' plain stuff 'thout nothin' in it.
-Obio State Journal.

The Bitterness of It

The following letters have been, at some trouble and outlay, intercepted by me. I have no further use for them, and shall be glad to restore them to those who can give satisfactory proof of ownership, on the understanding that my expenses are paid and no proceedings taken.

The letters are as follows:

- (1) To Mr. Herbert Field, of the firm of Bulmarsh, Potter & Field, publishers, of 732A, Paternoster Row, E.C.
 - "DEAR MR. FIELD,-You will be glad to hear

that I have now made satisfactory headway with The Guide to Wealth. The completed manuscript will be in your hands within a month at longest from the present date. The Carnegie chapter contains much really new matter, and is, I think, certain to be quoted and to attract attention. I have throughout kept in mind your instructions that the rules and directions should be as full and thorough as possible, so as to make the work of practical value to young men.

"There is one other point which I have to mention. By the terms of our agreement, I see that the sum on account of royalties is to be paid on publication. If your firm could see their way to an advance of five pounds at the present time, seeing that the work is so near completion, it would be a very great convenience to me. I am sorry to be forced to make this application, but I am being

TOMB OF BERNHARDT



The great actress, taking time by the forelock, has had a mausoleum erected in Paris.—Revue Illustrée.

much pressed by my tradesmen and find it inevitable; the milkman, in fact, has declined to serve us further until he has received something on account. Trusting that you will be able to make this concession, which will relieve my mind, enable me better to concentrate myself on the work I am doing for you, and earn my undying gratitude, I am, yours, EUSTACE BEDROCK.

"P.S.—The favor would be materially increased if you sent the money by telegraphic order on receipt of this."

(2) To Messrs. Toplin & Slant, of Long Acre. "Sirs,—With reference to the motor-car which I purchased from you some few weeks ago:

"I am now anxious to dispose of this. It has received some slight injury, which your men would easily be able to put right, but in almost every respect it is as good as new; indeed, it has only been used twice. I should be glad to know if you could undertake to sell it for me and on what terms.

"There is one other point which I should perhaps note. I should be willing to accept a pneumatic-tired bath-chair (new or in good condition) as part payment, and the rest in cash. I had been intending to write to you on this matter some days ago, but have been confined to my room and unfable to attend to business. You could fetch the car at once, as I am not using it.—I am, faithfully yours, WILLIAM DODDERSLEY."

(3) To George Benedict, Esq.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I am awfully glad to hear that you are going to get married, and wish you every happiness. You deserve it. You have often helped me with a loan when I have been short of money, and I don't forget those loans; I am only waiting for brighter days. You have been a good friend to me, and I am sure you will make a good husband.

"Now there is just one other point. I went round the shops the other day to select a present for you, and it struck me how absurd it is for one man to choose for another. You know best what your own taste is, and what you want. So just go and get what you want—anything in the neighborhood of a fiver—and pay for it, and let me know, and accept it with my very best wishes.—Yours ever, Alexander Lasditch."—Barry Pain, in Black and White.

I don't know what there is about betting on horse races that should be so deleterious to health, said young Mrs. Torkins, nepsively.

I never heard of such a thing, answered the visitor.

Neither did I, until I heard Charley talking about it. Every time he makes a bet he comes home and says there is something wrong with his system.—Washington Star.

The Artistic Temperament

One night, the rehearsal of Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge having ended very late, Dumas, reluctant to go all the way home-he was living then at Saint-Germain, if I am not mistakenasked Mélingue to give him shelter. The rehearsal had been stormy. Alexandre Dumas, obstinate and frenzied, had altered the whole mise en scène, and had compelled the actors to begin one scene eight or ten times, putting the sofa first at the left, then putting it back at the right, only to move it next to the middle, to remove it, to transfer it again to the left and to leave it finally at the right. It is only, however-let it be said in passing-it is only by trying in that way that one can succeed in arranging a living mise en scène with some degree of finality. Mélingue was none the less tired out by it, and on the way to his apartment, he did not say a single word to Dumas.

When they reached his home, Mélingue threw open the door of a room before the author of Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge.

"Here, make yourself at home, turn in and sleep!"

And he went to his own room to go to bed. But after a moment or two he heard an extraordinary noise as if some one were hauling trunks from the direction of the room where Alexandre Dumas was. He stepped out, went to Dumas's door and knocked.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Dumas, "it is nothing; I am arranging your room! The wardrobe was in a wretched place and the book-case looks much better where I have put it!"

It was Dumas, under the sway of his temperament, continuing to create a mise en scène at four o'clock in the morning!—From Jules Claretie's "Profils de Théâtre."

Small Boy-Give me a large bottle of the worst medicine you've got in your shop.

Druggist-What's the matter?

Small Boy-Well, I've been left all alone with grandma, and she's suddenly been taken ill, and I'm going to get even with her. — Tit-Bits.

The Function of the University

The gist of the university is that it should be a community, with all the wonderful advantages which that word conveys. I do not believe, unless the students of the university are kept together, that they can get the atmospheric advantage of the community.

If the students, after they leave the lecture and class rooms of the university, can at once go out into the streets of a great city and become drifting and separate integral parts of urban life, they are not getting the benefit of a university. They are simply going to a day-school. It is my firm conviction that the real effects of a university are wrought between the hours of 6 p.m. and 9 a.m.

There has been a tendency in recent years to the belief that the university should cover the whole field of learning, from handicrafts to abstract schools of philosophy. To do that it would be necessary to resort to the principle of average, and this is not for the really great university, for the function of the university is, as much as anything else, to lift the spirits of men. It is giving a man the capacity to look above the smoke and dust of his particular occupation in life and get a broad view of the world.

So the function of the universities of the United States is the service of the nation, the preparation of specialized minds, not in the sense of being narrowed, but in the sense of being tempered for hard and delicate work.—President Woodrow Wilson in a lecture before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

She—I am simply delighted at the number and value of our wedding presents.

He—I'm not. Most of them came from people who are not yet married.—Brooklyn Life.

No Automobiling in Morocco

The Sultan of Morocco has a short way with anybody or anything that opposes his will. He has in the pre-motoring days enjoyed cycling by deputy, for he had a royally glorious machine once constructed for him in England, propelled by ardent pedallers, while he himself sat within at rest; and woeful was the lot of any shirker of his share in propelling the machine. The Sultan also found pleasure in watching the efforts of beginners to master the balance of a bicycle, and so took at least a vicarious interest in the then latest form of locomotion. Keeping up to date, he become an automobilist, in the secondary sense of sitting beside an expert on a car. All went well for many days, but at last trouble came. A tire burst, and, the steering becoming uncontrollable, the car hit a big boulder and emptied itself of its owner and driver, who were bruised but not badly hurt, and the car was practically uninjured, but it was executed on the spot by Royal command. It was hammered into fragments, and when it was demolished the Sultan issued orders that none of his subjects should ever use a motor-car again. -The King.

The Visitor-How is your baby?

Trained Nurse-First rate! He is getting so now I can occasionally leave him with his mother! - Harper's Bazar.

The Last Act in the Boer Drama

On the evening of the 31st of May, 1902, the members of the Governments of both Republics met Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner in the former's house at Pretoria.

It was there that the Treaty of Peace—the British Proposal which the National Representatives had accepted—was now to be signed.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten evening. In the space of a few short minutes that was done which could never be undone. A decision arrived at in a meeting could always be taken into reconsideration, but a document solemnly signed, as on that night, bound them both forever.

Every one of us who put his name to that document knew that he was in honor bound to act in accordance with it. It was a bitter moment, but not so bitter as when, earlier on the same day, the National Representatatives had come to the decision that the fatal step must be taken.

On the 2d of June, 1902, the Representatives left Vereeniging, and returned every man to his own commando. It was now their duty to tell their brave and patient burghers that the independence which they cherished so dearly was gone, and to prepare them to surrender their arms at the appointed places.

I left Pretoria on the 3d of June with General Elliott, who had to accompany me to the various centres to receive the burghers' arms.

On the 5th of June the first commando laid down their weapons near Vredefort. To every man there, as to myself, this surrender was no more and no less than the sacrifice of our independence. I have often been present at the deathbed and at the burial of those who have been nearest to my heart—father, mother, brother, and friend—but the grief which I felt on those occasions was not to be compared with what I now underwent at the burial of my Nation!

There was nothing left for us now but to hope that the Power which had conquered us, the Power to which we were compelled to submit, though it cut us to the heart to do so, and which, by the surrender of our arms, we had accepted as our Ruler, would draw us nearer and ever nearer by the strong cords of love.

To my Nation I address one last word.

Be loyal to the new Government! Loyalty pays best in the end. Loyalty alone is worthy of a Nation which has shed its blood for Freedom!—General Christiaan De Wet in "Three Years" War" (Scribner).

Maud-So Jack is engaged, is he? And is Lucy the bride-to-be? Irene-No; she's the tried-to-be. -Chicago Tribune.

The Liquid Lens

The "liquid lens" has not come to America as yet, but from all accounts it is revolutionizing photography abroad, making possible achievements in rapid work that hitherto have been thought to be out of the question. In fact, the new development in photographic art is being hailed as no less a wonder than the Röntgen rays. For, by using a certain oil between the parts of a rectilinear lens, the refraction is so increased that instantaneous photographs may be made in the ordinary light of a theater. This is but one of the photographic feats possible. Another is to take a photograph a midnight, on a pitch-dark night with no apparent light, in fifteen minutes. A third is to make a

photograph at midnight, with a fair moon, with one minute's exposure.

To the amateur photographer it will all seem to be fiction, but it is none the less an undoubted scientific fact. The liquid lens is an English invention, the device of Dr. Edward F. Grun, of Brighton, England, who has been working on it for several years, and was led to the experiments that have resulted in its perfection through his work with the microscope.—New York Popular Science News.

She-Why don't you go out occasionally, dearest, and enjoy yourself, say at the club?

He-But I don't want to get into the habit of having a good time.-Life.

The Elizabethan Conjunction

11th.—Schloss Blumendam. Dearest Mamma,—I can't imagine why you ever sent me here. It's been the stuffiest time I ever had. I'm the whole house-party myself, and not a man of any kind in the place except the coachman, who's married, and the gardener, who's engaged to the cook. It's so depressing, and I think Célestine means to go out of her mind. The Grāfin only has two dresses, and talks all day of nothing but flowers and guano, and have I read any good books lately, and of course I haven't, and I can't even think of any names to pretend with.

Once I thought something was really going to happen, when the Gräfin said that she was looking forward excitedly to a whole heap of teas. I should have chosen dances myself, but teas are better than nothing, and sometimes you get a stray man to look in; and then it turned out that it was short for tea-roses. Such dull things to look forward to!

And then, again, I never get really shocked here. Oh, yes, once I was when the Grafin said she hoped that a lot of Rubenses wouldn't get into Madame Joseph Schwartz's bed by mistake, as they did last year. Of course I guessed that "Rubenses" were only pictures, but it did seem rather muddly for Madame Schwartz having them actually in her bed, and so many of them, too, besides being very valuable, I should think, and easily damaged, especially if she is stout like most German women are. And I wondered if Madame Schwartz was a visitor or just the housekeeper; and when I asked if they weren't taken out at once, the Grafin said that no, it was too late and they had to keep them all the summer, as it wasn't safe to move them. And then I asked wasn't it very uncomfortable for her to sleep on a crowd of old oils, or were they only very little ones, and was there room for her in the other half of the bed; and it turned out that it wasn't pictures or a visitor, or housekeeper at all, but just the names of different dwarf-roses!

Always roses and things! I thought I liked flowers till I came here, though I was never good at their names, and used to mix up verbenas with scarlet runners; but after this I know it will take away my appetite just seeing them on a dinnertable, and when I die, which I shall do pretty soon if things go on like this, I hope they'll have a notice put in the paper, saying, "No flowers, please."

I don't wonder the Graf keeps himself away from his wife. I suppose her parents made him marry her, like the poor Marquis at Chasse-Bébé. I really miss him and the Viscomte, and if Lord Valkop was here now I don't really believe I should smack him so hard again, however he behaved, though they were rather forward, all of them, weren't they, mamma?

Later.—Great news! The Gräfin says vaguely that the Man-of-War is coming before the month is out. So perhaps there will be a dance on board, and anyway we ought to see something of the officers. Célestine is quite perking up to the thought of bosuns or whatever they call them here. The Gräfin speaks of the Man-of-War; so I suppose there isn't more than one in the German navy. I do hope there's no mistake this time, and that it won't turn out to be a new bulb, or something of that sort. Your affectionate daughter, ELIZABETH.
—From "Borrowed Plumes," by Owen Seaman (Henry Holt).

I wish, said Senator Sorghum, pensively, that you would refrain from circulating these reports that I am willing to pay for votes. Do you deny the charge?

That has nothing to do with the case. I don't want everybody who might be willing to vote my way to feel that he is wasting money.—Washington Star.

Decline of Parliamentarism in Germany

When the Government insists that a bill shall pass without discussion, and the Reichstag, urging no plea of paramount necessity, submits, it practically votes itself a nullity, for no power of any kind is left in its hands. It becomes a mere machine for recording the decisions of a government which it has not appointed and can not overthrow. The power it abandons, moreover, does not pass to any cabinet, or other body really chosen by indirect election, but directly to the emperor, who can if he pleases dismiss any ministers by fiat, and who has so dismissed many ministers. It is the Cæsar dealing with a senate, instead of true representative government of any sort, which henceforward will be visible in Germany.

We verily believe that on the continent kings,

soldiers; and reactionaries are everywhere gaining power through the slow dying-away of confidence among the people in their representative bodies, a dying produced entirely by their want of ability to move. They are longing for senates which will debate with gravity at reasonable length, and then act; and they find nothing but "talking shops" crowded with a mob which often can not keep order, which always seem filled with the very spirit of faction, and which extremists have learned to paralyze by insuperable delays. Legislation is like a Spanish civil trial, in which final judgment is hardly expected before the next generation. The people weary of it all, and when they have not,

COACHMAN OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON



One of the most conspicuous figures in the annual show of Lord Mayor's Day. The coachman is named Alfred James Wright, and has driven the Lord Mayor since 1890. He is forty-eight years of age and weighs eighteen stone.—The King.

like ourselves, the experience of ages in dealing with parliaments, they gradually come round to the belief that there is more to be hoped from any form of royal or bureaucratic authority than from any chamber, however representative. Those who believe in free institutions, as we ourselves do, will have to note this temper of mind most seriously, and to see if, even by radical changes, procedure can not be so amended that the majority can once more act within reasonable time. It is not of much avail that food is good and cheap if, from the breakdown in distribution, nobody gets fed.—The London Spectator.

Pretty tiresome, isn't it? remarked the first man at a reception. It is so, replied the other.

I'd sneak out if I could, but my wife would get mad. She's a friend of the hostess.

I'd sneak out, too, but my wife would be furious. She's the hostess.—Philadelphia Press.

England through Socialistic Eyes

We are proud, too, of our village, with its pretty cottages, its artistic chief hotel, its well-kept road and footpaths, and the general air of comfort which pervades it all. But there is a seamy side to the apparent prosperity, I can assure you. You can study here the economics of class rule in the country very nicely. The most conspicuous building in the whole neighborhood, a hideous workhouse, or poorhouse, spreads like a huge wen over one of the most lovely sites in the district. To this squalid prison the aged and infirm retire, after they have wasted their active lives in toiling for their "betters." Wages are very low; but they are eked out by doles, especially in the winter time. The "gentry" in their houses, and the new monied men in their villas, compound for their economic and social injustice by giving free rein to that charity which does indeed "cover a multitude of sins." Begging is quite common, even on the part of what may be called respectable laboring people. True, the young men and women are beginning to be ashamed of this, and to protest against it, but there is as yet no sense of real antagonism to the rich and idle, as there used to be with some of the cottagers in days gone by. Religion, of course, is as ever, the handmaid of the possessing class. The clergy of the Anglican Church, who might, as Thorold Rogers said, "have been the Tribunes of the people," are for the most part-exceptions do exist-" content to be the lackeys of the privileged classes." They teach the people servility, and preach only action as a virtue. On the other hand, the Nonconformists are Liberals in religion and education; that is to say, they want their own form of creed and their own shape of capitalism; but so far as the wageearners are concerned, they follow, like the lawyers, on the same side. A thoroughly bigoted, narrow-minded, parson- and minister-ridden village is this.

This England of ours! "Trespassers will be prosecuted." "Trespassers will be prosecuted." "Trespassers will be prosecuted." That is the familiar legend which warns off the weary wayfarer from nearly every inviting spot along the public highway in this lovely country. For game is strictly preserved in the neighborhood, the common man being quite the inferior animal. You may walk or drive for miles on miles without coming across a dwelling that does not belong to some retainer of the feudal and pheasant-shooting landlords. Not only so, but in order to keep down the poor-rates, these peers and plutocrats, who have done themselves the honor to be born in order to rule over us, have torn down the cottages on their estates, and have refused to allow any more to be built. No wonder the people crowd and overcrowd into the towns. No wonder, agriculture being the ill-paid toil it is, the countryside is bare of men .- H. M. Hyndman, in Wilsbire's Magazine.

Wife-I wish you would let me know what sort of a dinner to have to-night.

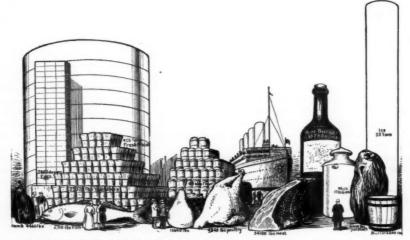
Husband—That's a good idea. Well, I shall either not be home at all, or else I shall bring three or four friends with me.

The Coming Feudalism of America

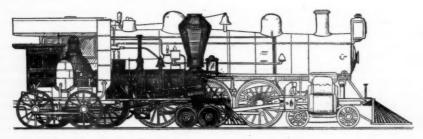
Peace will be the main desideratum, and its cultivation will be the most honored science of the age. A happy blending of generosity and firmness will characterize all dealings with open discontent; but the prevention of discontent will be the prior study, to which the intellect and the energies of the nobles and their legates will be ever bent. To that end the teachings of the schools and colleges, the sermons, the editorials, the stump orations, and even the plays at the theatres will be skilfully moulded; and the questioning heart of the poor, which perpetually seeks some answer to the painful riddle of the earth, will meet with a multitude of mollifying responses. These will be: from the churches, that discontent is the fruit of atheism, and that religion alone is a solace for earthly woe; from the colleges, that discontent is ignorant and irrational, since conditions have certainly bettered in the last one hundred years; from the newspapers, that discontent is anarchy; and from the stump orators, that it is unpatriotic, since this nation is the greatest and most glorious that ever the sun shone upon. As of old, these reasons will for the time suffice; and against the possibility of recurrent questionings, new apologetics will be skilfully formulated, to be put forth as occasion requires.

A crisis of some moment will follow upon the large displacement of labor soon to result from the shutting up of needless factories and the concentration of production in the larger workshops. Discontent will spread, and it will be fomented to some extent by agitation. But the agitation will be guarded in expression and action, and it will be relatively barren of result. The disease of sedition is one whose every symptom and indication will be known by rote to our social pathologists of tomorrow, and the possible dangers of an epidemic will, in all cases, be provided against. In such a crisis as that following upon the displacement of labor, a host of economists, preachers, and editors will be ready to show indisputably that the

evolution taking place is for the best interests of all: that it follows a "natural and inevitable law"; that those who have been thrown out of work have only their own incompetency to blame; that all who really want work can get it, and that any interference with the prevailing régime will be sure to bring on a panic, which will only make matters worse. Hearing this, the multitude will hesitatingly acquiesce and thereupon subside; and though occasionally a radical journal or a radical agitator will counsel revolt, the mass will remain quiescent. What the barons will most dread will be the collective assertion of the villeins at the polls; but this, too, from experience, they will know to be something which, while dangerous, may yet be thwarted. By the putting forward of a hundred irrelevant issues they can hopelessly divide



THE PROVISIONS OF A TRANSATLANTIC LINER ON A SINGLE TRIP



DE WITT CLINTON, 1831

ENGINE OF 1850

ENGINE OF 1904

SEVENTY-ONE YEARS' GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

-Scientific American

the voters at each election; or, that failing, there is always to be trusted as a last resort the cry of impending panic.—From "Our Benevolent Feudalism," by W. J. Ghent (Macmillan).

Cleverton-Since you have been calling on Miss Pinkerly, how have her father and mother treated you?

Dashaway-Splendidly. I haven't even met them .- Judge.

Novel Mode of Lion Taming

Mr. George M. McCarthy, president of the Hudson County, N. J., Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, believes that lions come within his jurisdiction. Recently one of these animals has been taking part in a play called "The Lion's Bride" at a Jersey City theatre. It was his duty to roar whenever the bride appeared, because a Turkish Sultan, whose bride she would not be, had sentenced her to be eaten by the lion. The roars he emitted at sight of the girl frightened the audience, but an animal expert who saw the show informed President McCarthy that the lion's roars were caused by pain and not by anger or a desire to eat the heroine. He also said that he believed the pain was due to electricity. President McCarthy visited the theatre and found that the bottom of the lion's cage, which was of iron, was connected with several electric wires that made the lion roar whenever the current was turned on. He notified the manager that the electricity must be omitted, even if the lion refused to roar without it. The order will be obeyed .- Electrical World and Engineer.

Miss Smith (to Mr. Dearborn, about to sing)—Miss Jones will play your accompaniments, Mr. Dearborn.

Miss Jones (coyly)—Oh, Mr. Dearborn plays his own accompaniments so beautifully I couldn't murder them for him.

Mr. Dearborn (gallantly)-Oh, yes, you could .- Judge.

The Worst Yet

"Is this the best wurst you can send me?" asked the lady who walked into the *delicatessen* store with a wad of that edible in her hand.

"Madam," answered the man, "it is the best wurst we have."

"Well, it is the worst wurst I ever tasted."

"I am sorry to hear that. The best I can do is to try and send you some better wurst from to-day's arrival, but, as I said, that was the best wurst we have at present. I am sure, however, that the wurst we are now making will not be any worse than this, and it ought to be better. I assure you that as soon as I get the wurst you shall have the best of it. We never gave anyone the worst of it so long as we have been in the wurst business, and

you may be sure that when we give you your wurst it will be the best, for our worst wurst is better than the best wurst of our competitors."

But the lady, whose eyes had taken on a stare of glassiness, was seen to throw up her hands and flee from the place, for she was afraid the worst was yet to come.—Modern Society.

A young lady applicant for a school out West, says a St. Louis humorist, was asked the question: What is your position upon whipping children? and her reply was: My usual position is on a chair, with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward. She got the school.—New York Tribune.

The Regulation of Trusts

The thoughtful and intelligent man of affairs finds difficulty in taking quite seriously the flood of grave nonsense now finding its way into print, not merely as part of the ephemera of the daily newspaper work, but in State papers, which become part of history, concerning the measures needed to protect the American people against the evils of trusts. The President has gravely communicated his views to Congress on this subject in his message, and, in common with others who have endeavored to discuss it seriously, has dealt in safe generalities which do not exactly glitter, but have the advantages which attached to the deliverances of the Delphic oracle, in depending for their meaning upon definitions which are not furnished. References to the misuse of corporate powers, to evil tendencies subversive of the public and business morality, to wrongdoers and to "what is bad in the existing system," are not enlightening unless we know or are assisted in judging which of a hundred or more so-called trusts invite condemnation for these potent reasons, and which do not. It is doubtless impressive to denounce "monopolies"; but what is a monopoly, and how many of the industrial consolidations are monopolies? Of those which admittedly are, how many have misused their advantages to the public detriment?

Nothing can be expected to come of this discussion until some one has the combination of intelligence and courage to put his finger on one representative trust and show that it is a monopoly, that its influence has been used to the public disadvantage, that it is fraudulently overcapitalized and for how much, and that it is a wicked conspiracy in restraint of trade. Possibly it may be found that some trusts are beneficent and others baneful; that some are promoting industrial progress in the highest degree and that others are holding it back; that in some cases there is a fair capitalization, while in others the overcapitalization is fraudulent. If so, it would only serve to show that generalizations are dangerous and misleading when made from diverse and unrelated phenomena, and that before wise and conservative legislation is possible we have a great deal to learn as to the starting point, length, and direction of the line which shall separate the sheep of the good trusts from the goats of the bad ones. If any one can propose a plan of legislation which will automatically discriminate between good trusts and bad trusts, and operate on the principle of the gun designed to kill if it was a deer and miss if it was a calf, he may be called a public benefactor. Until then the citizen who does his own thinking will be likely to remain skeptical as to the wisdom and sincerity of all this bother about trusts.—The Iron Age.

Nodd—How did you come out of that scrap with your wife?

Todd—As usual, I apologized for being right.—Brooklyn Life.

A Famous Controversy Ended

A fitting, and it is to be hoped final, extinguisher was put on the famous Société des Gens de Lettres-Balzac-Rodin-Falguière imbroglio by the recent unveiling of the Falguière Balzac in the presence of a handful of spectators, shivering in the icy wind of a winter's day. Enthusiasm cannot be stretched over a decade without evaporation. Nor does it keep in cold storage.

The whole altercation suggests the dog, dog bite pig, stick, stick beat dog dilemma of Mother Goose. And the irony of it is that the final con-



Statue of Balzac, by Falguière

—Le Monde Illustré

ception of Falguière, the Balzac who now looks over Paris, is, to some extent, inspired by the rejected Rodin model. Falguière and Rodin were personal friends, although nothing could be more



Statue of Balzac, by Rodin

-From a photograph

antipodal than their spirit and their method: Falguière, conventional, exquisite in delicacy of touch and finish; Rodin, eccentric, the adorer of motion, the worshiper of Nature, the worker in mass. The Société des Gens de Lettres originally gave the order to Chapu. Chapu died. Zola, then president of the society, procured its transmission to Rodin in 1891. Rodin's dilatoriness raised a storm of animosity and recrimination, which increased to a whirlwind when he finally exhibited his extraordinary and unconventional conception of the great novelist. "Grotesque"; "an enormous porpoise standing upright, draped in a thick bath wrapper"; "huge and flippant"; "the incarna-

tion of the great writer's soul"; "a unique masterpiece," were some of the epithets, and all Paris stood divided. The society "failed to recognize Balzac in M. Rodin's ébauche," broke the contract, and entrusted the work to Falguière. In 1899 Falguière exhibited a Balzac, seated; but he was not satisfied with it, and was working over it when death stayed his hand. It was finished by Marqueste. In the meantime a prolonged wrangle



Oh, they were right in telling you that my daughter is charming. See, here is her bust by M. Rodin.—La Vie Parisienne.

had arisen as to the ill-fated statue's site. And what—with the Duchess—is the moral of it all? Does it confirm Mr. Gosse's recent extraordinary statement that the members of one profession can not give a "valuable judgment" on the work of another? Is it to be considered as a superior case of hoodoo? Or did the shade of the great caricaturist seek revenge for having been blackballed in the flesh by this same Société des Gens de Lettres?

Tenant-I came to inform you, sir, that my cellar is full of water.

Landlord-Well, what of it? You surely did not expect a cellar full of champagne for \$10 a month, did you?—Baltimore American.

A New Terror

Having scientifically disposed of the end-of-theworld prophets, the scientists, by the mouths of Mr. Hudson Maxim and M. Louis Rabourdin, suggest a new terror for the timid. Suppose, they say in effect, the crust of the earth were to contract suddenly and the bottom of the sea were to fall in, what then? A mere crack in that crust, if it were big enough, would touch the button and gravitation would do the rest; precipitated upon the molten

mass within, the ocean would be vaporized instantly, with a terrific explosion. The superheated steam would sweep all life from the face of the globe and the electrical disturbance, coupled with the fierce temperature of the escaped lava, would decompose the vapor and change the aspect of the universe. Novel chemical combinations would be formed with the liberated hydrogen and oxygen and the astronomers of Mars might observe a new and brilliant star spring out of sidereal space in a state of gaseous incandescence. I am really appalled by the prospect. Yet the British Parliament is still stolidly discussing the theological aspect of the Education Bill.—The Taller.

Let me alone, he grumbled. What on earth did you wake me out of a sound sleep for?

Because, replied the patient wife, it was such a distressing sound.—Philadelphia Press.

Our New Rulers

"One hundred years hence," said Cecil Rhodes, the last time I met him, "when I look down from the sky at this little planet, I shall find that it has passed into the hands of a Hebrew financier."

No one, not even Mr. Rhodes himself, were he still here, would claim anything more for his forecast than that it summed up in a striking phrase the probable issue of the tendency of our times. The one essential point about the remark lies in its frank recognition that the sceptre of the world is passing from the hands of emperors, monarchs, soldiers, and politicians into those of the financier.

The dynasty of Money Kings will be a new thing in human history. It marks a distinct advance upon all previous dynasties, in that it is not tethered to terra firma. It is universal, cosmopolitan, and catholic. It knows no frontiers. It is hampered by no geographical limitations. Money, like water, is a circulating medium which everywhere tends to find its own level. No matter how parochial may be the field in which the financier begins to operate, he will sooner or later find it impossible to confine himself within the parish Thus by necessity, from the very boundary. nature of the foundations of its throne, the new dynasty must be international, and, like John Wesley, take the whole world for its parish.

From this it follows that, despite all appearances to the contrary, the influence of the new dynasty must in the long run tell in favor of peace. At present the Money King is but partly conscious of the work in which he is engaged. Like the earthworm which fertilizes and cultivates the earth while thinking of nothing else but eating his dinner, so our Money Kings are steadily bringing about a world-wide revolution while merely intent upon

earning dividends. The clink of the almighty dollar is a curious echo of the angelic anthem at Bethlehem, but the good news of great joy seems likely to find itself more effectually translated into fact by the bourses than by the Bibles and Christendom. Mammon may be, as Milton said, "the least erected spirit that fell from Heaven," but it was with true inspiration that the poet made Mammon plead for peace in the Councils of Hell.—W. T. Stead, in The Saturday Evening Post.

Nowadays a good general servant is hard to find, even in a wite.—Life.

Recent Portraits by Chartran

Among the many portraits signed by Chartran, perhaps none have attained the charm of those which he exhibits this year. The two canvases portray Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt, and that of the wife of the President of the United States is especially remarkable.

Very white, very light, in the style of the best canvases of the English school of the end of the eighteenth century, this portrait, while it is a striking likeness, stands as a perfect example of



Mrs. Roo (From the painting by Chartran)

-Revue Illustrée

the genre. . . . Chartran's canvases show no signs of toil. They are spontaneous, sincere, joyous, fleet. The fabrics which he "copies" ravishingly are rumpled by a deft hand which makes them fall or fluff just right the very first time—the folds are not a long-sought combination of carefully studied lines—the rustling silk, the rare lace seem to have arranged themselves, in his hand, for his brush.



Th. Chartran

-Revue Illustrée



Miss Roosevelt

(From the painting by Chartran)

-Revue Illustrée

There is, undeniably, life in his portraits, not that calm life, perhaps, which makes one dream of a long and beautiful old age, but that beautiful old age, but that beautiful du diable so delicious and so seductive, the life of youth, strength, grace, charm. And the man is just what his work suggests. Extraordinarily young—one would think him thirty—brilliant, distinguished, active, breathing life and health.

This activity, this vitality, which are evident the moment one meets him, these gifts which are both his nature and his strength, have, for that matter, determined Chartran's life, which has been as restless as possible. Indeed, for years Chartran



Leo X (From the painting by Chartran)

-Revue Illustrée

has divided his life into three parts. The first—not the longest—is passed in Paris, where he has so many friends; the second in Switzerland, where he takes his rest; the third in America, where he works desperately. "I have often been upbraided," he says, "for my long and repeated stays in America. It is difficult for me to see why."

Among his other portraits one must not forget those of Carnot and of McKinley, which are typical, and the one in profile of the Pope, kneeling, in a red robe, which excited such a sensation.

—Montfrileux, in Revue Illustrée.

You have disobeyed me, Tommy. Didn't I say no when you asked me for another piece of cake?

Well, maybe you think I don't know what a woman's no means.

- Town and Country.

Oom Paul's Pet Aversions

Gentlemen, I appreciate the late Chief Justice's abilities so highly that, if I thought it would do any good, I would have him confined in a lunatic asylum, for I liked him greatly, and would wait until he was cured to employ him again. His

abilities were great, but he went astray when he accepted the Devil's principle, the right of criticism.

Cecil Rhodes is the man who bore by far the most prominent part in the disaster that struck the country. In spite of the high eulogiums passed upon him by his friends, he was one of the most unscrupulous characters that have ever existed. The Jesuitical maxim that "the end justifies the means" formed his only political creed. This man was the curse of South Africa. He had made his fortune by diamond speculations at Kimberly, and the amalgamation of the Kimberly diamondmines put him in possession of enormous influence in the financial world. Later, he became a member of the Cape Parliament and, in 1890, rose to be Prime Minister of Cape Colony. But, long before this, he had turned his attention to Central Africa; for it was due to him that Goshenland and Stellaland became incorporated with Cape Colony. He looked upon these domains as a thoroughfare, a kind of Suez Canal, to Central Africa.-From "The Memoirs of Paul Kruger." (The Century

My goodness gracious, little boy, do you smoke cigars?

No need of yer hintin', lady, de butt is promised.—Harvard

Lampoon.

A Defense of Society Morals

It is a popular belief among people who are not in Society that all roads in it lead to the Divorce Court. There is an old story of a certain Vicar's daughter going to visit an old crone in the village the day after the Squire had brought back a foreign bride, very beautiful and very gorgeous. "What did you think of the Squire's wife?" asked the Vicar's daughter. "She was that beautiful that I was glad to think that all foreign and heathenish women shall burn everlastingly," was the reply. And that, in an exaggerated way, represents the attitude of the great middle class—and chiefly the feminine contingent—towards Society with a capital S.

Yet, like most popular illusions, this one is quite wrong. There are just as many scandals in the middle classes as in the aristocracy. Only our social pills are silvered and theirs are not. When there are revelations about our class, the papers devote columns to them, and the public mob the Law Courts to see the chief actors. But in any other class of life the cases only attract the attention of those who know the unfortunate performers. No one has any curiosity to find out the social customs of the middle classes. But when we get "another scandal in high life," brach, bar, and

jury devote themselves to a complete and superfluous inquiry into the methods of life and habits of all who are mentioned.

Let me persuasively suggest that the middle class should be reasonably charitable towards us. Because we eat suppers in restaurants at hours when people in Birmingham are asleep; because we play bridge while they play ping-pong; because we drive in motors while they "ride" in trams; because we wear beautiful clothes the making of which-in spite of the theories of political economists-provides an honest livelihood for many families in England, while they buy cheap reach-medowns made in Germany; because we call each other by nicknames, while they speak of their own husbands as "Mr. So-and-So"; because we read French novels, while they patronize Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine, are we for all these reasons necessarily corrupt? I say, No.-From Comments of a Countess, in The London Outlook.

She-Why do you suppose they have all the telephone wires so high in the air?

He-Oh, that is so they can keep up the conversation, I suppose. -- Yonkers Statesman.

The Virtues of Woman

A Paris paper has been inquiring what virtues are most essential in woman. The question submitted to its readers brought many thousand answers. Faithfulness had 8,278 votes; economy, 7,600, and orderliness, modesty, devotion, charity, and gentleness follow in the order named. Cleanliness had 3,594 advocates; patience, maternal affection, and industry had between 2,000 and 3,000 each, while courage, discretion, simplicity, wisdom, honesty, and amiability were between 1,000 and 2,000. Abnegation came last in the list, with 868 votes. Shades of R. Wagner!—
New York Commercial Advertiser.

First Verger (of a ritualistic tendency)—Do you have Matins in your church?

Second Verger (evangelical)-No; we uses linoleum.-The

Trusts and Church Fairs

The Remedy of Publicity

Questions to be asked by Mr. Roosevelt's proposed Superintendent of Trusts:

- 1. Where did you get it, and what is the difference between a dividend and a "divvy"?
 - 2. What legislatures do you own?
- 3. What is the average of the combined salaries of your president and your office boys?
 - 4. Why did the grand jury fail to indict you?
 - 5. What time is your president allowed for

- lunch, and has the advance in the price of beef impoverished him?
- 6. How many persons have you run over, ruined, or otherwise killed during the year? Why?
 - 7. Who is your judge?
- 8. Do you pay him by the job or by the year? Of what church is he a member?
- 9. State all sums paid during the last year for false witnesses?
- 10. Are your contributions to both political parties dictated by love for mankind or by business considerations?
- 11. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"
- 12. How much of the total consumption do you control, and why can't you tell?
- 13. Do you believe in Socialism or Anarchy?
- 14. How were the books lost?
- 15. Why don't your directors know anything about the business?
- 16. Where do you expect to go when you die? Sworn to by

JANITOR.

(N. B.—The typewriter's oath will not be accepted unless she has reached years of discretion.)

Church Fair at Corinth

A fair and entertainment were held by the church at Corinth, under the management of the beloved apostle John, and was largely attended.

Booths were arranged around the hall. The centre of the platform was kept clear for the entertainment, which consisted of comic songs, skirt dances, and living pictures.

On entering the hall was a table where lemon punch, cakes, and other refreshments, including olives, were served by Mary Magdalen. This adjoined another refreshment table, called St. Timothy's table, presided over by Dorcas.

At St. Judas's table was Herodias's daughter, and at St. Pharisee's was the charming Miss Dives.

Then came the fish-pond: in which by casting a line and paying to the genial Peter the sum of five farthings, you were sure of getting a fish, for behind the screen were two damsels, the Barabbas girls, who saw to it that the cast was a successful one.

Across the aisle was the Wild West and the Bowery, under the charge of St. Luke and St. Paul.

Three farthings took one into the charmed enclosure, where music greeted you in connection with some of the greatest curiosities, both living and manufactured, ever seen, among them a Seminary endowed with Blood Money, also a photograph of a Monopolist entering heaven.

The booths were all well filled with useful and fancy articles - swords, dice, crosses, interest

tables, and praying rolls; and they made a fine picture.

A large number were present at each evening's entertainment, and all who had cash were welcome, whether Jew or Greek, Prætor or Publican.

And all who purchased tickets had a jolly good time, besides helping the cause of Christ.—From "The Game of Life," by Bolton Hall (A. Wessels Co.).

Mrs. Handout-Poor man! I suppose you never had the benefit of religious training while young?

Tiresome Tompkins—Alas! No, mum! Both uv me parents wuz church choir singers!—Puck.

Society at the Opera

Mrs. Merger Hogg, in black velvet, trimmed with opals, and wearing a diamond tiara and a diamond necklace, occupied Box No. 644 with her daughter, Flissie Hogg, the latter in a dress of white satin trimmed with mauve velvet, and wearing a diamond tiara, and carrying a valise filled with emeralds. Mrs. Jimmy Overload, near by, in Box No. 390, was gowned in blue panne velvet, with which she wore a diamond tiara and solid gold overshoes.

Mrs. Ammi Innyt, dressed in turquoise blue velvet, occupied Box No. 837 with Mrs. Hooptidoodle Doo, the latter in pearl gray satin, with shoulders straps of colossal diamonds, and a white aigrette in her hair.

Synchon Koppah's box was occupied by Mrs. Purssey Strutt, in a gown of violet crêpe de chine, trimmed with gold, while Mrs. Van Damme Expense, who occupied her mother-in-law's box, No. 300, was dressed in white satin, trimmed with ermine, and wore a diamond aigrette in her hair.

Mrs. Groundfloor Jones, in Box No. 3,110, wore a gown of black net, embroidered in white chenille, with about three hundred thousand dollars in diamonds in her hair and on her bodice.

Mrs. Pearlsyn Barrills, with Mrs. Abel Pusher and Miss Toadie Clinger, were in Box No. 444, Mrs. Barrills in white satin jetted with gigantic rubies.—Life.

Landlady-White meat or dark?

Boarder-It doesn't matter; I'm color-blind.-New York

An English Railway Board

Truth's cartoon, "An English Board Meeting," is arousing much comment in England from the forcible, if exaggerated, way in which it calls attention to the preponderance of old men and of "vested and under-vested interests" in English business corporations. The cartoon is accompanied by the following rhymed prose:

How strange are the ways of the English! A

Railway, of all things, is that which requireth the men who control it to know what it is they are at. Great energy surely it needeth in those who its doings direct; youth, ardor, initiative, impulse, are what in its Board we expect. But lo! when I looked at the table round which its Directorate drew, 'twas a posse of fussy old parties that met my inquisitive view. Most were not only aged, but feeble; some deat; and some not far from blind; and to anything rather than business, so far as I noticed, inclined. Some had come in bath-chairs, some on crutches; whilst some had ear-trumpets to use before they could hear their friends' gossip, or even discuss the day's news. So 'twas no easy task for the Chairman, advised by officials of note, to induce his loquacious Directors themselves to their task to devote. And when they did grapple with questions, or take at the minutes a look, it was always, I noted, a sort of old fogyish view that they took. Did the public want faster expresses? In a carping and querulous tone the Directors cried, "Bother the public! Why can't they just leave well alone?" Did inventors suggest new inventions-new engines, new coaches? "Oh, dear!" sighed the portly old men round the table. "Why, why with our line interfere? Our rate's fast enough for our comfort; it's the same that we traveled when lads. What's the good, then, of these innovations? We don't want these newfangled fads!"

Johnny-I wish my folks would agree upon one thing, and not keep me all the time in a worry.

Tommy-What have they beer doing now?

Johnny-Mother won't let me stand on my head, and dad is all the time fussing because I wear my shoes out so fast.—Beston Transcript.

An Autocrat on Democracy

How does the Kaiser regard the United States? He is neither an especial friend of this nation nor is he its inveterate foe, which, since the spring of 1898, a large portion of the American press has represented him and a large part of the American people believed him to be. He learned from Bismarck a lesson or two-this among others, that a statesman must reckon with concrete facts, however unpalatable. The war with Spain showed the United States much stronger than the Kaiser or anybody else in Europe had any idea of. Moreover, the dominant party in the United States stands committed to a policy of expansion, political and commercial; this fact was fully and at an early date recognized by the Emperor, and he has since shaped his own policy accordingly. He now earnestly seeks a rapprochement. His sending his brother over here was but the latest and most striking proof. Yet it is quite natural that he should not like the American. A man of his political



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views, believing in a government by divine right, in a strong government based on the army and on the inherited prerogative of the privileged castes to rule, cannot sincerely like a government which is of the people, by the people, and for the people. The Kaiser and the upper and ruling classes in Germany look upon the United States as little better than a "mob government."

I collected, during my stay in Berlin, a few authentic utterances made by the Kaiser about this country. To the late General Runyon, then United States Ambassador in Berlin, he once said: "Such one, I admit, but still an experiment. Whether it will withstand the storms of time, as the older monarchies of Europe have done, remains still to be seen."

To the same: "One of the doubtful features of

course of an hour's conversation: "Your whole

country is an experiment-an intensely interesting

To the same: "One of the doubtful features of American life is its lack of national cohesion and homogeneity—you're a conglomerate, a bubbling cauldron."—From "Germany," by Wolf won Schierbrand (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

REPUTED PORTRAIT OF JEANNE D'ARC



No absolutely authentic portrait of the Maid of Orleans is known. This head is probably a correct presentation of the Maid. It is at the Musée Historique at Orleans.—From "Jeanne d'Are," by T. Douglas Murray (McClure, Phillips).

a pushing people as the Americans will sooner or later clash with others, but let us hope never with Germany."

To Ambassador White he said: "America is a country of contrasts—piercing lights and deep shadows." And on another occasion: "I know there are many things my Germans might learn from the American people, above all, their optimism, their almost naïve enthusiasm, and unquenchable energy."

To the late ex-President Harrison he said in the

Hotel Proprietor-Who were those two women who just registered?

Hotel Clerk-Mrs. Mary McGinnis and her daughter, Miss Mayme MacYnnes.-Philadelphia Press.

Smothered Dwellers in "Flats"

The man died in New York the other day—a Mr. Kilpatrick—who is said to have built the first "flat," or apartment house. The necessity that families should live one above another was inherent in the growth of the modern city, and it is not just to hold any individual responsible for such a degradation of urban humanity. It was bound to come; and, if one man had not had the ignominious distinction of first building such a dwelling, another man would have had it. But it was an evil era that was then begun.

For, although it has been only fifty years since the "flat" began to dwarf the dwellers in cities, it has already so distorted the character of thousands of families that they consider apartment life normal. There are men who have so far fallen from nature as to put gas-logs in country houses; and nothing but death in childhood is so pathetic as this revelation of the abnormal. Now a certain proportion of unfortunate mankind will perhaps always have to live in sunless cells out of sight of all things that grow; but as long as living under such conditions is frankly regarded as a misfortune of poverty-as life in the slums-all is not lost. But when men and women pay large sums of money for fashionable "apartments" and by choice live under conditions that dry up the sap of individuality, a hopeless social condition follows. Such persons regard the country as a thing that they have discarded except for condescending summer uses. Caged life has become the natural life to them, and they have forgotten that they are a sort of zoological specimen rather than healthy individuals. It is not easy for a man to dwell in a "flat" and to be a generous-natured gentleman, nor can a natural womanhood flower out of reach of sunlight and the soil. The convenient artificiality of apartment life

is the more dangerous the more comfortable it is made, for the more persons it then seduces from the fundamental virtue of a natural individuality.

—The World's Work.

Uncle Ephr'm, how did such a notorious old sinner as you ever manage to get into the church?

I'se one ob de chahtah membahs, sah. - Chicago Tribune.

The Rising Generation in England

Thought and manners are what we lack most obviously, and manners even more than thought. The new generations of our cities are often sharp enough, not merely with the cunning of the streets, but with occasional flashes of intellect; but they are malignantly rude. Their education serves them to read the halfpenny daily and the penny weekly and to apply their wider culture to insulting all others not immediately dangerous. Policemen our small boys comment on from a discreet distance. But they rejoice in shoving past a lady and casually placing a grimy hand on a delicate silk. They comment with caustic wit on any peculiarities of her appearance. If she remonstrates they mimic her and escort her with jeers till a helmet heaves into sight, and should a woman slip in the muddy street and fall the children shout for glee. This spiteful insolence is the great danger of our State education so-called. The child of the lower classes, if so undemocratic a term may be allowed, is fostered in arrogance and impertinence to all but its parents. Poverty, except the most crushing, only lends the keenness of envy to the wish to insult. Schooling is free, and is therefore

despised; it is compulsory, and is therefore regarded as an injury. And this hateful compulsion to waste the hours that might be devoted to helping a parent to earn money or to playing in the streets is exercised by a body of local nobodies who come round and humbly sue for votes at certain intervals. What wonder if the parents hate the name of education and approve of the high-spirited truancy of their children.—The King.

D'Auber-Give me your candid opinion of my painting.

Cynicus-It's worthless.

D'Auber-Yes, I know it's worthless, but let me have it anyway .- Philadelphia Record.

The Friendlessness of Tolstoi

In Tolstoi's life we are struck by a peculiar loneliness, not that proper to genius, but another -social, terrestrial, and human. He has won for himself almost all that a man can win, except a friend. . . . All his life Tolstoi has had about him mere relatives, admirers, observers, or observants, and latterly, disciples, these last being really farther away from his soul than any. As the years go on this reasoned and calculated aloofness, this cautiousness in affection, this complete incapacity for friendship, increases. Only once did Fate, as if putting it to the touch, send him a worthy and illustrious friend, and Tolstoi himself repelled, or at least failed to retain, him. That friend was Turgeniev. . . . Turgeniev was the only man with whom he could not, as with others, be either silent or guardedly outspoken. Turgeniev saw too clearly that he could never care for any one but himself, and that in this lay the last shame, the



COUNT TOLSTOY AT THE PLOUGH. BY A RUSSIAN ARTIST.-The Sphere.

last dread which he nowhere dares confess. In this too great perspicacity of Turgeniev lies the cause of that enigmatical force, now attractive, now repellent, which played such strange tricks with the pair. Like two mirrors set opposite each other, reflecting and fathoming each other to infinity, both feared the too clear view of their latencies.— Dmitri Merejkowski, in Tolstoi as Man and Artist (Putnam).

Mistress—Bridget, Bridget! look here; this is really too bad. See, I can write my name in the dust on this sideboard. Bridget (admiringly)—Lor', mum, so ye can. There's nothin' like eddication after all, is there, mum?—The King.

The Flatterers of Royalty

One of the difficulties of royalties—one of the things that account for the tendency to selfishness which has been considered one of the weaknesses of the royal caste—is that they so seldom hear the truth. One could give many examples of this in

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE



Brown (showing visitor round the links)—The big bunker in front of us we've named Jones's Bunker, and —yes—by Jove! There's Jones in it!—The King.

even the lighter affairs of life. For instance, when Louis XIV. was once playing at backgammon, a favorite game with him, a dispute arose as to a doubtful throw of the monarch. The courtiers, appealed to by the king, said nothing—not daring to give the verdict against the king, not caring to tell too palpable a lie. The Comte de Grammont

entered at this awkward moment, and the king asked him to decide the matter. The witty courtier replied without a moment's hesitation, "Your majesty is in the wrong." "How," said Louis, "can you decide before you know the question?" "Because," replied the count, "had there been any doubt, all these gentlemen would have given it in favor of your majesty."

I heard a similar story with regard to the late Czar of Russia. He was one night playing a game of whist at Homburg; and the present king, then, of course, Prince of Wales, and several of his friends were of the party. Among those friends was Sir James Mackintosh, a well-known bon vivant of the eighties and nineties. Sir James was one of those blunt, downright, rough-spoken Scotchmen who didn't know fear of God or man. In the midst of the game Sir James called out to the czar, "You've revoked!" Everybody's blood ran cold. The Prince of Wales, I have been told, kicked the Scotchman under the table; and the czar, blushing and confused, exclaimed in bewilderment, "Revoked! Why, I never did such a thing in my life!" But Sir James persisted, and the monarch was proved to be in the wrong; whereupon Sir James replied to the observation of the czar, "I daresay you've often revoked, your majesty, but this is the first time you were ever told so."-M. A. P.

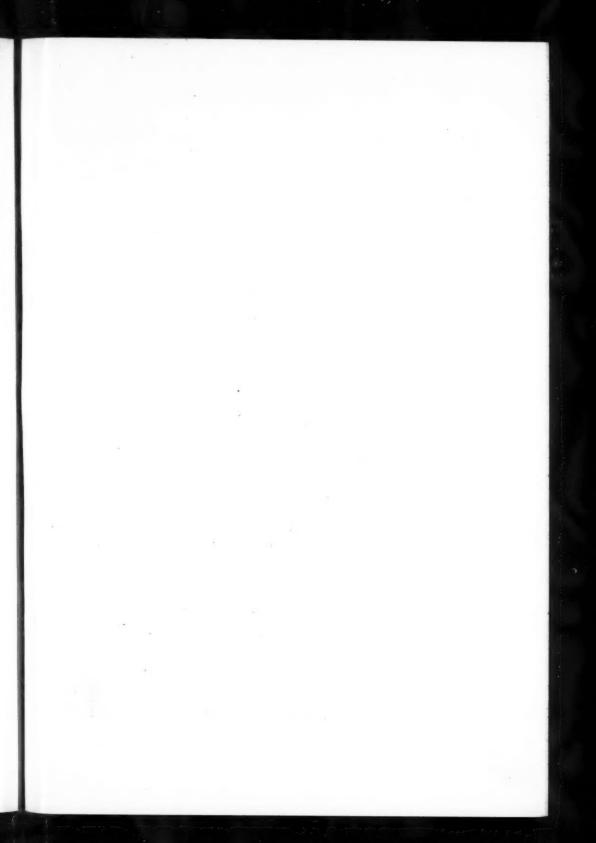
There are now but two kinds of political parties in this country—the "point with prides," and the "view with alarms."

-Baltimore American.

Out Doors with Ruskin

Ruskin was a good walker, but no athlete. He and Mr. Allen were out one day upon the mountainside. They passed a group of men engaged in rough work with pickaxes. "How I wish," said Ruskin, "I could do what those men are doing! I was never allowed to do any work which would have strengthened my back. I wasn't allowed to ride, for fear of being thrown off; nor to boat, for fear of being drowned; nor to box, because it was vulgar; I was allowed to fence, because it was genteel."

"Ruskin's great work," Mr. Allen says, "was to teach people to see. He had an eye for everything—clouds and stones, hills and flowers, all interested him in the same intense way. And what he saw and felt he communicated in inimitable and inevitable eloquence to others. I seem to hear him now breaking forth into a rhapsody of delight as we came unexpectedly, on a walk up the Brezon, upon a sloping bank of the star gentian. 'When I first reach the Alps,' he said to me once, 'I always pray.'"—E. T. Cook, in The Strand Magazine.





THE GLEANERS
From the painting by Jean François Millet